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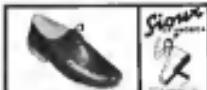
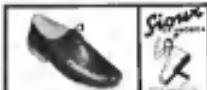
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Books

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Entertainment

Food Column

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Home Column

Letters

Music Column

Personal Column

Photo Column

Politics Column

Review Column

Science Column

Sports Column

Travel Column

TV Column

World Column

Writing Column

Books

Business

Entertainment

Food

Health

Personal

Politics

Review

Science

Sports

Travel

TV

World

Writing

Books

Business

Entertainment

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Everyone Needs a Ronstadt

At least, everyone who wants to be President needs a rock star

I happened to be standing behind Robert Kennedy one October day in 1966 when he arrived in Los Angeles during a national campaign tour for Democratic congressional candidates. We were in the doorway of his chartered 727, looking down the runway at a reception committee that seemed to be led by Robert Vaughn, a California liberal much better known as television's *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* Kennedy stared at the star for a moment, then turned to his advance man, Jerry Brown, and sort of growled, "Get him out of there!"

Smiling happily, Brown settled down the stairs and bumped into Vaughn—and kept bumping until the actor was suddenly surrounded by a dozen other celebrities. Robert despaired. In those days, people who wanted to be President didn't want to be photographed with men from U.N.C.L.E. or any other acronym of the world of make-believe.

Today, or more precisely in 1980, it will probably be impossible to become the leader of the free world without paying homage to actors, singers and their platoons of producers, managers, agents, and guitar builders. Which is what Jerry Brown was doing a couple of Sundays ago when he left his official presence in a softshell game between a rock band called The Eagles and the staff of Rolling Stone magazine. This governor of California, announcing his loyalty to The Eagles team, was then courting the way he handles, who was governor in 1966, once possessed the flesh with others and other leaders.

The Eagles are great. During the 1976 presidential campaign, they, along with their lead, the governor of liberal Linda



Brown is that, through your star-making and my singing may be worth something, no one is going to pay to watch us do our thing, but when people will pay a great deal of money to watch, say, Frank Sinatra or Linda Ronstadt perform their services.

And in 1976, under the new public-funding campaign laws, the federal government matched many of the dollars that Ronstadt and The Eagles raised for Brown and stars like the Allman Brothers raised for Carter. Ronstadt and friends pulled in a pile of \$19,000 for Brown in two nights in Louisville, Kentucky, one night in May, 1976; the Allman Brothers raised a pile of their friends' rates of \$292,166, plus additional favors for Carter, much of it which he will still Jimmy when?

That's many of us thought, would be in. The quick, the hospitable, seemed obvious—crazy, even—and it would easily be taken care of before the 1980 election. Let's bring about it. But two things remained true.

The first was that in this year's California gubernatorial race, which showed business in general and the recording industry in particular as the major powers behind Brown's reelection race, The Brown list is punctuated with names familiar to the \$2.3 billion world of popular music. Ned Bogart, president of Casablanca Records—\$10,000; Joe Smith, chairman of Elektra/Asylum Records—\$5,000; Jerry Masin, chairman of A&M Records—\$50,000. Jerry Wexler, manager of Soul Diamond and John Denver—\$3,000. The best—and the last—goes on.

Jeff Watt revealed his political plans in an extraordinarily excited—or single—interview with *Newsweek* magazine, saying, in the true voice of the fan



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Full Disclosure by Dan Dorfman

Move Over, Horatio Alger

Computer technology is spawning overnight millionaires in California

You're probably dying to hear about my recent trip to San Francisco. So here goes. This report takes a look inside two outstanding success stories in the technology arena: Apple Computer (of Cupertino), a bit manufacturer of personal computers, and Ashton Corporation (of Sunnyvale), a large-scale computer producer that's successfully challenging industry kingpin IBM. But let me confine myself to technology. I also came across this exquisite Bergundy—no, not in the nose, but a forty-seven-year-old beauty who for \$50—but wait, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Little Apple Out West

About a month ago, International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation announced its success with a small private company, Apple Computer, whereby it would sell Apple's products overseas. What made it do so? Emerging with the ITT's 30 percent ownership, the company had been producing computers out of a family garage—having started its business there with a modest capital of just \$1,300. Since that time, Little-Known Apple has transformed the soaring demand for home computers—whose endless uses include calculating household expenses, on computations, playing sophisticated games, turning on and off the home applier, and helping out the kids with their math and spelling problems—into a booming business.

Apple's founders, who generally put in fourteen- to fifteen-hour workdays, are two college dropouts—twenty-three-year-old Steve Jobs and twenty-year-old Stephen Wozniak. Jobs had been a designer of video games at Atari, a division of Warner Communications, and Wozniak, who built his first computer at the age of thirteen, formerly designed integrated circuits for calculators, designs of Hewlett-Packard Sporting beams and slippery drives; the two could easily pass for lost luggage. Well, one might question their dress code—but certainly

not their performance. It has been remarkable.

Just listen to these figures. In its first year, Apple earned an sales of a mere \$180,000, on which it earned an impressive 39 percent profit. Last year's sales increased to \$5 million, and the profit shot up to 30 percent (\$1.5 million), and a massive sales jump—to over \$50 million—is projected for 1979.

Anyways, of course, one can't afford to jump forecasts. But Apple has some mighty impressive behaviors—so much so that they earned up \$1 million of equity financing. One is Vinton Asset Masters, the venture capital arm of the Rockefeller brothers, another is Arthur Rock, one of the country's premier venture capitalists.

Apart from the growing national demand for personal computers, the company has also made great headway not only offering the fun and games aspect but by catering to the consumer's craving for more information. "People are hungry for more data—from the date of Beatle's last performance to inventing phasers as a data program—and we're trying to satisfy that hunger," Jobs says. According to him, Apple is working to refine its data base with additional software packages.

At present, the company has just one model—a two-terminal computer called Apple II, which looks like a typewriter, has a built-in speaker, and ranges in price from \$995 to about \$3,000; the higher the



Computer whizkids Wozniak and Jobs: \$1,300 to \$50 million in 28 months

price, the greater its memory capacity (the more information it can store).

One can't help but be impressed by Apple's sugar performance and widespread forecasts that home computers will be a billion-dollar business in the early 1980s. Equally mind-boggling is Jobs' vision that his company—(it's been put on a selling block, today)—could bring a purchase price of over \$10 million. Quite a mere profit, to say the least. From a \$1,500 investment made just twenty-eight months ago. But Apple is still a fledgling, and there's an immediate threat of rapid and accelerating competition from companies with a lot more financial and marketing muscle (such as Texas Instruments and a block of Japanese firms).

Will little Apple turn cotton in the face of such competition?

"We're trying to move into the big leagues in 1979, and 1979 will be our pivotal year," says Jobs. "If we survive, we'll be the DEC in reference to main-computer king Digital Equipment of the personal computer industry. Every dollar we make we're plowing back into the company. Sure we'll be up against the biggies, but we're defining the right product for the market. And the reason we have a chance is that it's a totally brand-new market. And nobody knows how it will go."

Regardless of how it goes, Jobs and Wozniak have clearly proven that entrepreneurship is very much alive—that the American dream still works.

Making Justice Just

Can a government lawyer in charge of 40,000 civil cases make a difference?

Every day thousands of government lawyers go into court to argue cases ranging from a suit over a mail break accident to the vast majority CIA, just turned author Frank Stagg. In theory, these lawyers speak and act for all. But that's not quite the position they take. They are often at odds not only with what we'd expect from our government but also with what their own bosses expect from them.

For example, in 1975, a Washington D.C. law student named Kirkland Bishop filed a suit against the U.S. claiming that a job offer at a Justice Department agency had been revoked when she'd revealed in a routine questionnaire that she was living with a man to whom she was not married. In September of 1977, the United States filed a defense brief in the case. Calling the "high moral standards required by government employers," one Justice Department lawyer declared that even if Bishop had been awarded for being an unmarried cohabitant, this was an appropriate decision because "Department of Justice attorneys have high visibility in their own families and the personal habits of Department attorneys should always be a concern to the reputation of the Department."

If this seems like a strange argument for one government to be making in late 1977, it's a stranger one still for Barbara Babcock, the lawyer whose signature appears first among the government attorneys who signed the brief.

Babcock's February 1977 appointment by President Carter and Attorney General Ruth B. Adler as Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Civil Division was heralded by liberals and public interest lawyers as the perfect choice. Her resume is a model of commitment to civil rights and public interest law.

So at first glance, Babcock's signing the Kirkland Bishop brief (which Fred Graham of CBS News first reported) seems to be the classic Washington tale good liberal lawyer gets co-opted by powerful government job. A closer look finds a different story.

Babcock's name as the lead lawyer goes on all papers filed in the 40,000 civil



Chief divisional legal Babcock

cases that involve the government each year. She can't read everything that she signs for that is signed for her by index, let alone write everything herself. This is done by her 279 Civil Division attorneys in Washington, plus thousands more under Babcock's supervision who also handle civil cases in the district offices of U.S. Attorneys throughout the country.

When I heard about that brief from Fred Graham, Babcock says, referring to the Bishop memo, "I had it brought to me and I read it. Obviously, I was upset, and I immediately filed with the court to have it withdrawn." But I don't doubt that she could find dozens of briefs out there that could be just as troubling. "I always get calls from friends saying, 'You'll never believe what I just saw with your memo on it.'"

One way she's trying to change that, she explains, is "by lobbying—trying to make it clear to lawyers in the division what our principles are and stressing that my divisional I should have any interesting questions brought to our attention. You'd be surprised. The main issue seems to be staying down."

It's not all as simple as Babcock's position seeming down. In many respects, she is a doomsdayman—a lawyer in charge of negotiating government positions with which she may not agree. For example, she tried to persuade Bill Frank Stagg should not be sued for allegedly

violating his "secretary oath" by writing his CIA memoir, *Declassified*. When he had decided otherwise, she signed the papers and is now re-earning the case.

Similarly, as the lawyer for the hundreds of other government agencies outside the Justice Department, much of Babcock's power is limited to persuasion. Thus she has been able to talk the Civil Service Commission into abandoning a defense that conditioning the promotion of a supervisor on her agreement to have sex with her supervisor did not constitute sex discrimination. But she hasn't yet persuaded the Treasury Department and its Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms to end its seemingly untenable opposition to a Freedom of Information Act request. She handles all FOIA suits by a gun control group to obtain information on how many guns are sold each year by the major firearm companies.

Policy issues like these are important, and Babcock's involvement in making the decisions, or persuading those who do, is satisfying. But the most exciting aspect of her job is its more than a little bit of power. She is not a supervisor, but she is also where she has more than the power to persuade. It has to do with her supervision of the existence of the government lawyers who come up against the rest of us in adversarial cases.

Early in May, President Carter attacked lawyers for engaging in unnecessary delays and resorting to the adversary system as "an end in itself" rather than a way to serve justice. He might have cited his own Justice Department lawyers as an example of the worst offenders.

"One thing I can do," Babcock explains, "is improve how our government conducts itself in court. We should be model litigators, not lawyers who use delay for the sake of delay or raise frivolous defenses. I keep trying to explain to our people that we are special lawyers, you, our client in the government, for the people we litigate against are our constituents."

The most important result of that attitude is that Babcock has spread the word that "all cases are to be resolved on the merits if that is just to do so." For example, she has "no problems with us

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Contributing editor Steven Brill writes a regular column on law and lawyers.

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not costing a fortune since it's been litigated in defense. In defense, saying the suit was filed too late is in a case of a guy who's been beaten to a veterans hospital."

"We can win a lot of cases that on the merits should win," says William Schaffler, a Babcock deputy who's been working on her legal litigating effort.

"We can buy a plaintiff in (opposition) (initial questioning sessions) and make it impossible for him to go on. Or we can raise trivial issues, such as, 'You didn't file your brief in double spaced type. What lawyers usually do is double space. It's not that we're trying not to do it. It's just that most people over, we're not some insurance company lawyers whose job is to win, win, win.'

Schaffler conceded that if I get hit by a mail truck tomorrow, I might still find "delays and the rest of it." But we're trying to root these things out. "Sometimes I find out about heroic stories when I'm going an expense voucher and see what our guy was making the day before. Last week I caught on to some clever segments (about the guys who had been) been listed on a complaint to defend a case against a lady who'd been passed out as a vegetable through apparent malpractice at a military hospital. So I asked the

An underlying question is how much leeway government lawyers can have in deciding where justice lies.

lawyer why we weren't settling the case."

On occasion Schaffler will be trouble when renovations are letters drafted for Babcock's signature, implying to clients who have written, often in their own handwriting, to the President or Attorney General complaining about the government's handling of their case. "If it's some typical bureaucratic response," he explains, "like 'The Justice Department does not give legal advice' and I check and find out the case is right."

This is not to say that Babcock, Schaffler, and the others are busy throwing cases, and legal they fight, throwing cases, and legal they fight, the government is better at good law. Thus, while I'd bet Babcock's sympathies are elsewhere, the Babcock case is still being

defended (or the grounds that it's all meant since the not-waiver effort).

Babcock is still trying to catch lawyers' traditional tactics of delay and obfuscation and in avoiding the most narrow defenses and bifurcated positions (as in the Ruby malpractice case). Babcock and his aides are bound to go some extremes. After all, the adversary system is based on lawyers doing everything they can (that's legal and proper) to win for their clients. And if winning through attrition by delaying or complicating a case isn't proper (and many lawyers argue that it is), technical defenses certainly are. Besides should Babcock be able to spend the taxpayers' money by defending on the basis that the statute of limitations or some other defense would be the right? It's not right. So should Congress be the one to change the law, and not Babcock?

"That's a troubling issue and we're struggling with it," Babcock concedes. "But I guess it's true that I assume a taxpayer also wants his government to be just."

How far Babcock goes in establishing that standard for the lawyer bureaucracy the new rules will be an interesting test of whether one good practice as generalized can make a difference.

BRIEFS

A New Form of Federal Audit?

Another of the cases that Babcock is involved in is the Air Force plane crash in April of 1975 that killed seventy-six Vietnamese refugees. Lawyers who were involved in the negotiations agree they had planned to place the aircraft in a barter, a good practice. Thus, while I'd bet Babcock's sympathies are elsewhere, the Babcock case is still being

one of those positions (see above) that goes against its narrow conservative interests. Schaffler, Babcock's deputy, told District Judge Louis Oberdorfer these weeks ago that the U.S. is willing to attempt to help find the orphans here. Although Babcock was not pleased, Schaffler's offer may have helped them, too, since it encouraged the judge to push the opposing lawyers to come back soon and tell him why they should proceed if it appears that no heirs can be found.

Right from Wrong

American Bar Association president William Spain Jr. recently delivered an analysis as speech on the growing tendency of people to chase various benefits and pleasures in "rights" to be won in court. Divorced at the trial, Spain argued as a prime example a man who "lost a finger operating his power lawnmower and sued the manufacturer." Spain explained, "It didn't matter to him—and it apparently didn't matter to the jury, either—that his injury occurred when he was using the lawn mower in a hedge

bordered by the case. "I asked the ABA for a citation." We don't know where it came from, explained spokeswoman Lynda Taylor. "You know, he's a story from a friend who's made it sound somewhat like it's a hokey-pokey of these things."

Now I've learned he has also handled at least one case near Kirkland & Ellis clients. "It's a war," says Chicago lawyer says. "And Don will win it. Within three years his firm will be the law power in Chicago." He reported that the ABA's researchers had

spread the lawn mowerman to a pamphlet printed in 1971 (including law lawyers but that they still had no case for a real case, nor could the group that wrote the pamphlet find one).

Spain's speech was entitled "Telling Rights from Wrong."

Babcock's Revenge

Three weeks ago the Chicago legal community was rocked by the news that Don Rehberg, the starperformer at Kirkland & Ellis, had been kicked out of the white-shoe firm founded in 1908. As the Chicago Sun Times noted in an excellent position, Rehberg's political involvement and generally aggressive high profile didn't match the primed sensibilities of the firm's other leading partners. So while he was on a vacation, they met and decided to ask him to leave.

So far, it looks as if they made a mistake. Within days of the anti-Rehberg cabal, he recruited two of the firm's leading clients—the Chicago Tribune Company and the Chicago Archdiocese—and about Twenty-KiL lawyers to go with him to the new office he's naming. (Rehberg is telling friends that the Archdiocese has decided to devote its business (its prayers are going to stay with K&E) and its account is going to Rehberg.)

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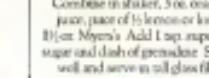
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recipes for your pleasure.

Myers' Planters' Punch
Combine in shaker, 3 oz orange juice, juice of 1 lemon or lime, 1 1/2 oz Myers' Add 1/2 tsp superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



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Gadfly of the Indy 500

"The little man is shut out" of big car racing, and it makes Jim Hurtubise sick



Jim "Herr" Hurtubise says he doesn't want anybody to make a movie of his life. So here we are some of the stories you'll be hearing:

□ **Hurtubise** is a roamer and scrounger, like a Roone Culverhouse around the Indianapolis Speedway's old brick track. Spotted on roads that, for some reason, have by his name, "Herrways."

□ **Hurtubise** is STP Tomahawk Lite Special, which he designed and built with his own hands. Flies over the car cloud of dirt, dust, leaves, and soils slowly set-
tling. It burns tire fumes. Hurtubise is using made-up nomenclature, changed for word. His hands clenching his pool of blue racing alcohol.

□ Hurtubise struts with arms outstretched in a circular wheelbase, pointing and singing: "You Are My Sunshine" at the top of his lungs to comfort and express the pain.

□ Hurtubise steals out of the hospital in his pajamas... and since there are no in his house, hem twisted, and partially bent-off fingers, he pushes his car's dear handle button with his feet. There are groans and groans to a tire-wire.

□ Hurtubise's Miller High Life Special, an aged-out but still impregnable front-engine solid-side roadster like the one in which he became a legend, is relegated to the starting line on the last day of qualifying for the Indianapolis 500. The quant vehicle is the eyesore of all the TV cameras. Hurtubise opens the car's cowling. Inside, there is no engine. Instead, there is a

device, and Hurtubise's is not the only way of looking at it. But there is no denying that his noncompetitive entries are dog-eat-car.

It took only the fiery Tomahawk Lite crash to knock away Hurtubise's chance to win an Indy. That crash occurred back in 1994 in the 100-mile Tex-Mex Clover at Milwaukee. Hurtubise was edging the lead thrillingly back and forth with Roger Ward and A.J. Foyt when something went wrong with Ward's car. Foyt swerved to avoid him, and Hurtubise's left-wheel clanged up over Foyt's tail. Hurtubise's car was suddenly airborne, and when it came back down, Her-
tubise's ribs were crushed. His lungs were punctured, he was knocked unconscious, and his Fall test was crippled. The fuel escaped from a pool in the car's chassis and then ignited, and Hurtubise sat there in the fire until the rescue crew could get him out and wrap him up in the ambulance and locked in his bed, and it looked like he'd given up on only 4 miles of racing. (Foyt, 74 percent of his body surface was burned to origi-
-nally his lower legs, his torso, a swipe across the middle of his face.)

Audie from shopping out for beer occasionally, he was a highly cooperative, even an enthusiastic patient at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio undergoing long series of trivalent-mod-erector stem graftings and belloving rotatory scans while dead flesh was washed from him in the special whirlpool. "It was just an experience, getting hurt and worked on," he says. "Just something that happens. It was for me. It was in a world with many people. You have to be people having fun like you. And you either make something out of it or you don't."

"Doctors working on your hands—to me, it's revolting. It's a slow process, and you could watch it all every day. It wasn't like they were cutting inside you while you were asleep. Every day you're wide open, you can see what they're doing with your tendons and blood vessels and things. And they're trying different kinds of skin on you, human skin and animal kinds, to see what it'll work. A little like building a car. They were learning and I was learning. That's how I used to

It's just something that's there. Something just goes up there."

The hurt they could do with his hands was mold them into mangled, somewhat flexible claws, bent to hold a steering wheel. Nine seconds after the accident, Hurtubise finished fourth in a champion race. In 1996, he won the stock car Atlanta 500, and as late as 1998 he was still qualifying at the Indianapolis 500, the annual allusive super-speed classic. Last year he drove one Indy qualifying lap at 177 mph, to break his own world record for the old-distance condenser that was some 20 mph too slow to qualify for the race. To make a go of it, last year, to finance a modern-generation winged, wide-track, nose-winged, split-sailed chassis, you have to be part of big business.

Hurtubise can still drive, and he can still design and fabricate cars in his basement, though, and he can still make the Indy series and endorsements the powers that be.

"They tell me I might as well just have a

lot to pay to stay home. They're going to have to pay with me. I'm going to move

out. There are still drivers, and racing. Paul Newman and Mario Andretti and others have a lot of clout and money. (Hurtubise's car is still at all business.) Name of Hurtubise's car will be in the field come Memorial Day, but they will all have been or his on-site garage being tinkered with, and one of them may have made a good first old-fashioned lap. "You can't make a living here," Hurtubise says. "I feel like the only Indy cars that clear any money."

The best doctors could do with Herr's hands was to mold them into claws, bent to hold a steering wheel.

probably get 4 on television.

If he can get someone to put up \$50,000 for last year's big-city year he'll do that this year, plus in new parts, do some redesigning, and break his mother record again. He also is aiming in this year's 500 two modern-generation cars that he picked up somewhere. These cars will not see action, but they will be sponsored by small business who chip in \$2,500 each for the opportunity of having their name on the garage and wearing official entries' jackets and racers. Paul Newman and Mario Andretti and others have a lot of clout and money. (Hurtubise's car is still at all business.) Name of Hurtubise's car will be in the field come Memorial Day, but they will all have been or his on-site garage being tinkered with, and one of them may have made a good first old-fashioned lap. "You can't make a living here," Hurtubise says. "I feel like the only Indy cars that clear any money."

All the other entries will cost much more money than that, which can mess up pretty by winning the race. The bottom line is that these cars sit somewhere in the upper reaches of corporate accounting. That's what happens when a sport becomes less and less a matter of love and more and more a matter of astrodynamics.

When Hurtubise—in his first Indy race, in 1968—averaged 149.386 mph over four qualifying laps and came within 0.15 seconds of running the first 150 mph laps in the longer history, he astonished everyone. Now cars routinely qualify at around 200 mph. "But nobody ever hits a hundred fifty until the wind is calm in and the track is asphalted," Hurtubise points out. "I was racing on little dusty roads over bricks. On those bricks you'd be popping and skipping and finding different grooves. And with the old engines you could feather through the corners, breathe those engines, and they'd live. That's what racing is, it's not how fast a thing will go past itself. Today a person who wants to do the kind of racing that I do has to have a lot of money and a lot of time and money. (Hurtubise's car is still at all business.) Name of Hurtubise's car will be in the field come Memorial Day, but they will all have been or his on-site garage being tinkered with, and one of them may have made a good first old-fashioned lap. "You can't make a living here," Hurtubise says. "I feel like the only Indy cars that clear any money."

It's a matter of technology. When the turbocharged engine was introduced in the mid-Sixties, racing began to grow

AUTO SHOW



Mobile TV STV-Power (Photo: Sony Electronics, TV-Power produced by SONY Electronics Inc. of America 2001) (Photo: Sony Electronics, TV-Power produced by SONY Electronics Inc. of America 2001) (Photo: Sony Electronics, TV-Power produced by SONY Electronics Inc. of America 2001)

"IT'S A SONY."

more and more expensive. The fast-burning cars still had to slow down cutting into races, and when they did, their blowers would cut out. So tires were made wider and softer to cut down on skipping and "wings," thanks to my metal appraisals that actually look more like oil feathers, were added to the chassis to improve aerodynamics. Cars reached such speeds through turns and straightaways like that the drivers, who comprise one of the least-honored segments of our society, protested the changes.

At this point, according to Harrah's argument, the wings should have been banned and the transverse 150-psi-wide tires (they look more like thick lego) should have been banned. Instead, by December 1974, the U.S. Auto Club race officials instituted an engine valve that limits a car's rpm consumption to an average of 1.8 miles per gallon. This did reduce speeds for a while and served as a blow to the fuel crisis, but it reduced the importance of driver skill. Driving used to be a matter of how daring and salaries—how lead-footed—you could be. Now the driver keeps in focus on the "base" speeds, and tends his burner according to "technocratic" calculations, and hopes a part doesn't break and send him into the wall—because engineers, financed by corporate funds, have developed such ingenious ways of working around the gas-guzzling limitations that speeds are stuck up to 200 miles per hour.

The upshot of it all, says Harrah's, is that Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, which he always refers to as "The Tire Company," controls U.S.A. racing. Goodyear is the sole provider of tires for Indy—Prestone having withdrawn a couple of years ago—and controls "the war." He means for publicity and racing opportunities. Goodyear gives every entrant in the race free tires. And to a number of the big-money teams that dominate the race, the company also provides funds, parts, engines, research and development. So every year Goodyear designs, and drivers wear Goodyear caps and make Goodyear publicity appearances around the country.

It is seriously true that without heavy industrial support, no body entrant has no power. It is also true, Harrah's maintains, that Goodyear controls the outcome of the race by giving special tires to whatever it wants to do well. Harrah's goes around checking a dialometer—a device for measuring the hardness of rubber—tires other people's tires, but he has marshaled no documentation. However, even assuming that Goodyear's endorsements are perfectly aboveboard, there is no refuting the popular thesis of Harrah's plan.

"What bulk Indianapolis," he says, "is people racing for championships from around the country. There's a thousand local racetracks, and every one of them has a track champion. And they're not

"He's my boyhood hero, and every time I pick up the paper he's after me," complains the head of racing for Goodyear.



Mark Donohue, grappled his heroism.

happy to the track champions, they've got money for bigger things. But now they're going to stand in line at Goodyear to get on a team. Before, everybody would bring in his own sponsor. Those guys, who work up from little guys to big guys, they're not going to list some company's name. They're independent people. You're going to go around looking like a sellout, with The Tire Company's initials on my suit.

In the days of the tire war, Harrah's was a equal participant by buying tires from his old friend, Goodyear. He has also been known to sport a John Deere T-shirt cap. Once he had located a twenty-two-foot Pepsi-Cola blimp over his garage. On his radiator this year he has painted INDIAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, because his close friend, Kenny Moore, cheap at money when he needs it.

"Nobody has my time and me," Harrah says. From time to time during the year he will pick up some income by taking off for Adelton or Deltona and finding a stock car that needs someone to work it over and drive it. He spends a lot of time with the kids, and on his house, which he has personally expanded from a two-room shack to a remodeling complex. "The building inspector kept coming by and saying I had to have a permit. I said 'I don't know what I'm perceiving for. I can see what I'm building here!'" Though he lives within ten minutes of the speedway, he keeps sheep, billy goats, a horse, and a one-eyed dog. Until it died recently, he had a three-legged cat. For a while, "because I got tired of having my kids take what I did for a living," he opened a sandwich shop whose hours were eight a.m. to two p.m. *Monday through Thursday.*

"What bulk Indianapolis," he says, "is people racing for championships from around the country. There's a thousand local racetracks, and every one of them has a track champion. And they're not

and whose motto was "No Mail Too Far."

And every May he gets his body together. He actually has the cars, and he pays his entrance fees, so he can't be denied anyone space. Four years ago he was mandated to take down the barbed wire in part of his garage space, but he got around that edict by building wooden structures that fit on the "wires" of one of his cars and serving drinks from the wings.

And at some point in the qualifying, "I roll the roadster out there, and people all love it, they stand me and wave me. When the hell, I don't have to prove nothing as fast."

"It's kind of hard on me," says Lao Mehl, head of Goodyear's motorsport division. "Mark is my boyhood hero, and every time I pick up a paper, he's after me."

But the hard fact is that Harrah is using this obviously in a publicity campaign. He has given up racing. He stands on dragging out the old pig of his record of a good racing car. He bad-mouths the people who are helping racing—that's us. And he has on the past received more than nice from Goodyear. He never fails to say thanks.

Goodyear got so deeply into all aspects of racing, Mehl says, "because we had difficulty finding race cars that would go fast enough for tire testing." Harrah has a point. Mehl concurs, when he says that the driver's importance has been exaggerated. "It never was more than forty to fifty percent driver. It's getting down to twenty percent driver now. But if you compare to Guy Keens, Foyt and Andretti and Buddy Unser would not be the strength in the race now. It's the car that wins the race. You don't have to have a race car anymore. That's a hard fact of life."

Mehl doesn't absolutely think Goodyear drivers outpace drivers with good tires. "During the tire war, we'd give the best tires to people who had a chance to win the race. But it's stupid for us to do that in a monopoly situation. The other drivers would bring me up by my last-knowns. We have a hell of a time policing the big tires. Foyt and so forth, to keep them from using them we don't want them to. Keeping all these guys happy at one time is like trying to control an octopus."

Mehl sighs. "I remember when it was always between Harrah and Foyt as to who would get the biggest standing ovation. Harrah was the bravest sign of a gas that ever walked down the trail. And then he died, like that. *ding ding handi* in your head...."

Mehl sounds like a straightforward person, a real racing fan. I myself, however, would rather follow some sport whose human element had not declined fifty to sixty percent in recent years. "Everybody's just people," says Harrah. "Except now it seems like they all work for a company." That is a hard fact of life.



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by Warren Adler

I was in England when the call came about my oldest son. The telephone jolted me awake. My wife, her voice edgy with anxiety, said, "It's David. He isn't coming home. The Moonies have got him."

The Moonies? I was groggy. I rarely saw David's pudgy face as it appeared on posters passed up all over Washington, D.C., where we lived. I thought of stories of lost children, kidnapping, a human rights crusader, Max Lucado, who and the God he put Name in the White House? Moonies? Something that happened to other people.

David had left Washington for a two-week vacation in California. He had called in a couple of notes from his friend Cisco to tell us he was spending some time on a condominium there. We had laughed. He was twenty-four years old, his own man. He was publisher and editor of the *frontiers*—with my wife and myself—as a magazine, *The Moonies as Disaster*. He was responsible, articulate, level-headed, sophisticated, and successful.

I was in Bristol, where my youngest son, Michael, a student at the Old Vic Theatre School, was recovering from an illness and had just been released from the hospital. My plan was to spend a week with him, arrange for the details of his recuperation, then head home. Now this.

"What happened now?" I asked my wife, still unable to grasp the full import of what had happened. It was only early evening in Washington. She had phoned the Moonies euphemism for being picked up—at a bus station. The bus had been invited to drive them to a secret location in the Moonies compound, some farm for a few days. The Moonies, those convinced him to call David and invite him not. After two weeks, our son had told a girl friend that he was in a Moonie camp. He returned home, I was told, in a miasma of confusion.

Warren Adler's sixth novel, *Cassanova Endorse*, has just come out. An earlier novel, *Trans-Siberian Express*, was made into a motion picture.



Warren Adler, 56. Was he kidnapped?

David was sketchy. Apparently a friend of David's had persuaded her to take David home by five days. The friend had been reassured by a Moonie euphemism for being picked up—at a bus station. The bus had been invited to drive them to a secret location in the Moonies compound, some farm for a few days. The Moonies, those convinced him to call David and invite him not. After two weeks, our son had told a girl friend that he was in a Moonie camp. He returned home, I was told, in a miasma of confusion.

A parent does not like to think that his offspring could be so vulnerable. All this in two weeks? How could David be so naive, so innocent, so gullible? How could he be so foolish as to fall for what seemed to me such a transparent line of beauty? My heart was the uncharitable fact: David was not coming home. He was about everything.

I told my wife I would take the first plane back to Washington. We decided to meet at Dulles Airport and then go on to

phone my wife with the news.

I didn't sleep at all that night. I wondered if I had imagined my wife's call. David, up to then, had seemed very much in command of his life. He was creative and ambitious. His mind spew with new ideas. This notion seemed totally out of character. I couldn't believe it.

But the phone rang early the next morning. My wife's anxiety had turned to panic. The people she had called to had advised her that the situation was far worse than she had imagined. The Moonies not only sent agents as something called the Unification Church. She had been told of mind control methods, brainwashing, deceptions, food grown designed to stimulate unwitting young people. Once programmed, they are sent out in teams to raise money. Their objective, she was told, is apparently to raise money and gain power for Moon himself and a handful of cult leaders. There was also evidence to suggest that they are a front group for the repressive Park government in Korea. The most frightening bit of information my wife supplied was that it was nearly impossible to remove young people from the cult, and even if one were successful in this, a process of deprogramming was required and sometimes months of further therapy, to bring the subject's mind back into focus. She had called to other parents with kids in the cult. Some had lost their children for years.

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San Francisco. My son Michael would have to recover by himself. A physical illness seemed so much simpler than David's affliction.

On the plane to Washington, I breasted fitfully about David's action, and I also began to think about our family's situation—professionally, politically. Our magazine reports on the Washington scene. My wife is the editor, David, as I have said, is the publisher, in charge of the business side of the operation. In our work we are in constant touch with diplomats, politicians, lobbyists, journalists, and others active in politics in the capital. It occurred to me that, ironically (consciously?), this was not my first encounter with the Koreans.

Ever since the Korean war, I had been conditioned to think of Korea as an ally I had been drafted into that war and had later served in a Washington correspondent for Armed Forces Press Service in the Pentagon. In my mind, Korea was good, a force against Communism, a friend.

Just a year before, Tongson Park and I had sat in a private corner of Mark's, a London club of which he was a member. The winter half-jacket trimmed the crown mazza, and a sash was worn.

"I will be back in the States soon," Park had told me. "You will see. What I did I did for my own account. But I am a hero in South Korea. I have many friends in Congress whom I helped. What's wrong with that?"

I was eating his food, drinkings his wine. Of course I agreed. South Korea was a force for good. After the meal we lit up Hawaiian cigarette.

I repeated another occasion, even earlier. I was in the dark partitioned, cigarette-filled dressing room of the Georgetown Town Club, which was empty except for Tongson Park's sixteen guests. We were sitting in a semicircle of plush chairs, having cocktails. Park, immediately turned out in his perfectly cut suit, his manners as impeccable as his neatly combed black hair, made the introductions. There were two high officials of the Korean embassy, a retired general, described as Park's business associate, a spikily-haired little man with a beard, former Representative Richard Hause, Senator Larson, manager of the club, and his wife, other couples, my wife and I, and Junior Dickenson, Park's companion, with her Fresh Junior League good looks and soft southern accent.

I can't remember what we talked about—the usual pleasant small talk. Park dominated the gathering, drawing people out with battery. He had the knack of making one feel good, superior.

At the appropriate hour, the guests

Left: David, his mother, and his father. Now their cause is under

I saw Moon's pudgy face on posters. Moon was something that happened to other people.

arrived upstairs to the elk dining room. There we encountered good food, well prepared and handsomely served on expensive plates, a magnificently flavored bottle of wine, a flawlessly prepared, shiny crystal glass and what was, white and red to match each course, was luxuriously packed and wrapped by what-gloved waiters?

After dinner, a Dom Pérignon of admirable vintage was poured into the waiting crystal.

I recall that Park made a long, plowing road about him and an Italian student friend, who was a brother of one of the guests. There was more here than just the eye. Park had once said, "It is possible to have a socialist party or a dictator without a specific goal in mind."

"

"We had known Park casually for at least ten years, but we had been on the outer edge of his very large circle. When the *Examiner* became popular, we suddenly took a great step up the ladder in his office.

I remembered that we had felt pretty good about that dinner. Some time later *Family Disturbances* was featured on the cover of the *Daughter* and Park's picture appeared and from the *Daughter* several pages in all seemed to mourn. Moon couldn't have brought it off. Not any manner of freedom. We pride ourselves on our own *Family Disturbances*. But yes, I assure, the Tip O'Neill and their other congressmen who fell into Park's obsequious net.

Now, with my son caught in the Korean embassy, other personal developments creased my mind, veins converging. I found I was trying and wrapped myself in a blanket.

I remembered stories that had appeared in *The Washington Post* linking Mao and Tongson Park as founders of the Diplomatic National Bank. Tongson had apparently used other people to front for his actual purchase of stock. The *Washington Post* discourages anyone from owning more than five percent of the founding shares of a new national bank, and Park had exceeded that amount. The whole Park story might have remained hidden had it not been that Alto, I remembered just a dozen or so others involved in the bank deal had been in some way connected with Mao. These included Brian Rhee, who with his HI Park was one of the major supporters of the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification Church. These guys

Khee's voice blared out over the Washington TV networks selling joint lessons.

But there was another incident that had enraged me, and I mentioned it to yet another Korean face, Son Park Thompson.

Not long after I had returned from England, where I had dined with Park, Son Park Thompson, a former aide to Speaker of the House Carl Albert, walked into my office. For nearly twenty years I had been in the public relations and advertising business in Washington. In the early Seventies I had begun to write fairly successful columns and was in the process of bringing down the *Washington Star*, cleaning up its financial obligations, preparing to divorce all my lessors in writing.

I also wrote for the *Examiner*, but have little to do with the day-to-day operations. Suu, a diminutive, attractive woman with a fragile oriental beauty, wanted to write a food column for the *Examiner*. We already had a food writer, and I knew my wife was in the market for another one. I suggested that she Suu write a column about Capitol Hill, and she agreed to try.

She had by then been mentioned as a possible agent of the KCIA. But she denied the allegation with such charm and forthrightness and she looked so frail and fragile that I believed her.

She told me that she could use the money and that she might be able to steer business into the agency. Perhaps it was my old belief of her innocence that led me to agree to entertain such an idea. I thought that it might be able to sell or merge the business to more favorable terms if a big new principal was account held into my lap.

Suu's *Capitol Hill* column was clearly popular and was quickly repeated. But the old driver was on her promise to steer business to the agency. Perhaps it was my old belief of her innocence that led me to agree to the arrangement.

One day she called and informed me that a Dr. Chang, a new man from the Korean embassy, would call my office. He did, and we made a appointment. For some reason I forgot the time we set and returned to my office three hours later than the agreed-upon hour. Dr. Chang, oddly, was still waiting in my reception room. (A prominent newspaperman later facetiously described him as the KCIA chief of station in the U.S.)

I remembered feeling rather guilty about my tardiness. He talked to me about the bad image that Korea had gotten in the States since the Tongson Park revolution and wondered if I might be willing to help improve it. I said I might like to talk further if he had something concrete to offer. He asked for a copy of my biography, which I gave him.

Nothing came of this. Suu called sporadically, but the connection seemed, like many in Washington, to drift away.

At Dulles Airport I was met by my wife and our twenty-one-year-old son, Jon-

then. They had booked seats on the plane to San Francisco, leaving in two hours.

"Should we take Johnny?" my wife asked nervously. She told me that she had been warned not to take siblings. "I've heard that siblings are easily engrossed into the Mooneys by their brothers and sisters."

I looked at my second son, tall, handsome, intelligent. Was it possible? I wondered. We are a family as a crew, I thought. We've been together and family might as well fight as fight.

We waited in the lobby of Delta Airport while my wife went to call her office to make arrangements for the day of my meeting, the only member of the Mooneys I fully conversed with the Mooneys. She started pain and shaking.

The Korean embassy called. A Mr. Kim. He wants you to lead his public relations job. I recalled my conversation with Dr. Chene. "They're trying to take us over." I said with disgust. I was becoming certain that David's new studies, Paul's flattery in Washington and London, Sam Thompson's sudden appearance, and now this were all part of the same continuum. I was angry and frightened.

On the plane out to San Francisco, the three of us huddled together, partly in spite over the source's material that any who had gathered in her twenty-four-hour research job and party for the sheer security of being together.

Know the enemy: my wife had been told, and the bad luck track of every person and thought in a spiral notebook that she carried with her. One of our friends had given us the name of Douglas Grimes, a San Francisco woman who, with her husband, is being sought by their daughter for more than \$13,000 after an attempt to kidnap the daughter from the Mooneys' family.

Armed with her name, looking angry and audited, knowing that there was not a single organized institution, private or governmental, that could help us with our problems, we headed west. We spent the better part of the day reading the book *All God's Children* by Carroll Stuken and Jo Anne Purce, given to us by our travel agent, a young woman who had lost a boyfriend in another cult. Reading the book only increased our suspicion, but it did give us some of the information we thought we needed and proved to be of great use.

We checked into the Hotel St. Francis and called Douglas Grimes, who agreed to get a good night's sleep before we started to work. We'd need it, she assured, and set up a date to meet with the following day.

That night, unable to sleep, my wife and I reviewed our life with our oldest son. Why hadn't we paid more attention to him? Why so lonely that he needed something like the Mooneys? Our conclusion, as the night was on and as the first light of dawn penept through the edges of the drapes, was that it was all our fault.

We were told to "love-bomb" the Mooneys back, to shake hands, to smile ingratiatingly.

We were playing the prior of indifference, of lack of participation, of being aloof, self-sufficient, selfish, unengaged, unaffectionate.

In the morning we drove our hired car over the Golden Gate Bridge to Douglas Grimes' home in Marin County. Douglas, in a car as a result of a kidney accident, hobbled out to greet us. She exuded energy, confidence, and, above all, a serenity to our suffering. She embraced us warmly, creating an instant and affectionate bond.

At first the Moons talked about themselves, her eyes shifting from face to face, obviously trying to find some key in our family character. We told her about our Washington life, our perceptions of David's other children, and our theory that the Moon organization was linked in with illegal Korean lobbying efforts in Washington. She agreed with our speculation but, since she is an old hand at fighting the Mooneys, was skeptical of our coming up with enough proof to expose it.

After a couple of hours with Douglas we became hopeful and impelled to try our hand at the rescue.

"It's not my fault," I stated her.

She looked me in the eye, scrutinizing me with energy and hope. "You will not fail."

Armed with this optimism, we headed toward Camp K, an unmarked site in the Sonoma Napa Valley. It occupied a long, low, flat area, the deepest point in terms of geography. Douglas had described Camp K as desolate. It was accessible only by a narrow bridge that foaled a stream.

Instructed by Douglas to smile politely, act positive, shake hands ingratiatingly, and be ingratiating in every way, we approached the gate to the bridge, where a tired, scrawny young man obscured us with mystery.

"We want to see David Adler, we've his parents," we said, politely. Firmly gripping his hand.

Apparently we had caught the fellow off guard. We were not expected, and he was alone in the camp. He immediately ran into the camp, looking for David. While we pressed forward and began peering into the buildings, looking for David. The young people we saw were giddy-eyed. Although they were young, they said and little. We were surprised, they seemed like parents themselves. As we entered the camp and the hand Mooneys began to gather around us, we saw David carrying a

baseball bat or son or daughter. It is all part of this game. Because of the sensitive legal issues involved, the Mooneys lawyer in San Francisco has boasted that every child will be "produced" to his or her parents on request. We did not find this particularly reassuring.

David was still in the heavy moon stage, Douglas pointed out. He had been properly "love-bombed." A new world to us laymen, had been heavily "peer-pressured" was no doubt accurate to a spiritual. Big Sister, who rarely left his sight, maintained a constant physical and emotional grip, but David, another byzantine, confused, perhaps another hand-through repeated armstrongs and other sophisticated brainwashing techniques had been told that his parents were "vamps."

"His mind has been raped," she said. He is tormented, told to believe that Moon and his wife are the only true parents and that his parents will torture and torture him to exercise his newfound faith.

"The objective for you," she pointed out, "is to love bomb him back, win his trust, break eye contact with his 'keepers,' and put him the hell out of their clutches. Then, someone who is skilled and knows the tactics of both fear and love will be able to talk to him. That's what they call deprogramming."

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Instructed by Douglas to smile politely, act positive, shake hands ingratiatingly, and be ingratiating in every way, we approached the gate to the bridge, where a tired, scrawny young man obscured us with mystery.

"We want to see David Adler, we've his parents," we said, politely. Firmly gripping his hand.

Apparently we had caught the fellow off guard. We were not expected, and he was alone in the camp. He immediately ran into the camp, looking for David. While we pressed forward and began peering into the buildings, looking for David. The young people we saw were giddy-eyed. Although they were young, they said and little. We were surprised, they seemed like parents themselves. As we entered the camp and the hand Mooneys began to gather around us, we saw David carrying a



The Adler family in their home in the Washington suburb of Cherry Creek. At right, Jon Anthony, who helped rescue David

bundle of firewood, walking down a hill toward us. His eyes were dull, and he wore a fixed, vacant smile.

"I can't believe you came," he said.

"We came because we love you," my wife said, hugging him. Kissing him. I followed her lead. Of course, we loved our son, but the truth was we were angry at him with him. That's why we were angry at him with him. That's why we were sick of him with him. That's why we were sick of him with him.

My son Jonny had had his assignation the role of breaking David's eye contact with his Big Sister. She was a pampered girl named Betty, with piercing blue eyes. Johnny killed her for her while we tried to wean David away.

"Close to the eye," we urged. "We are at least here to protect you."

"No," he said. "There are probably dentists out there."

"Dentists?"

"To kidnap me."

We looked at each other but continued smiling. We moved to a variety of speech: the camp was always surrounded by Mooneys. Finally, David, following the lead, reached out to come into our orbit. We did. He was a small man who was seated in a somewhat spread-out form. Despite his shabby tank, he seemed arrogant and very bright the whole time.

"I trust on a half-hour alone with our son," I said to the Mooneys. There were three of them in the room with us. I struck my suddenly that all those kids were Jewish. I know there is also a heavy ex-Catholic contingent among them, but we did not get to meet any.

"Nothing can disintegrate us," and

nowhereupon before David's admission, they agreed to the half hour. Betty brought us some cookies and a pitcher of overly sweet Kool-Aid. Douglas had warned that the Mooneys will attempt a love-bombing of parents. We had also heard from other sources that David was being "sugar-burned." This was confirmed by the Mooneys, ghosts. Kool-Aid was the drug of choice. I've heard that excessive sugar has a bonding

effect on the brain, along with serotonin.

The sudden hostility may have opened a door in David's mind. We had complained of not having enough time with him. Finally he agreed to meet us at the Mooneys' house on Washington Street in San Francisco the next morning. The Mooneys weren't too happy about that, but reluctantly agreed. To them we looked crazy and ineffective, so real threats aside, they were quite amenable as far as going with us.

We left David at the camp and headed back to San Francisco, stopping along the way to call Debbie.

"She failed," I said, recounting the confrontation.

"The hell you did," she said. "Be patient, you're doing beautifully."

If we were apologetic before, we were doubly so now. We had used the results of three weeks of Mooneys pressuring. David had undergone an incredible personality and behavioral change, shifting through the night, even after closing two doors of sleep among the three of us, in an impossible task. My wife would all night about the loss of her "holy," and I scanned over the old newspaper clippings of all those times I had stayed David in a half hour's time to an instant. That was my conditioning. It was a year and a half from Brownsville, Brooklyn, when it was a young Jewish ghetto. Success in America meant education and achievement. David had to mold this concept in my son. But his condition was different. He had never lacked money. Education and achievement came easily. He had arrived

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out already possessing the things to which I had aspired. Obviously, I thought, I had been duped.

I kept thinking: How was he vulnerable? How did they get him? Even Dupree's assistance that they could, given the right circumstances, get anybody didn't work. I left stripped of defenses, and at heart, disarmed, and guilty. I remembered how easy Tongan Park had been to break out of prison. Lying there, thoughts racing, I was afraid to believe that Tongan Park, Sun Moon, Sun Park, Thompson, Dr. Cheng, the whole deviant lot there, were all part of a conspiracy against me. My anger covered all the bases—every all the except organs of our own government that disastrous to protect our children from becoming unwitting allies of a tyrannical Korean regime. Exhausted, I dozed off at dusk.

Armed with the book *All God's Children*, we pulled ourselves together to last us until the next morning and met David in the Moonees' Washington Street house. We were ushered in a mad-flap room. David's big Sister, Betty, was with him.

"Well you be all right, David?" the asked, her eyes burning with him.

He nodded, fully confident that he would soon be rid of these visitors out of doors.

We headed off by the outer edges of parkways. We were certain we had been followed, a fact later confirmed. We carefully searched the room on the Washington Street house for bugs, but turned out that we were not alone. There was a large bug in the wall, indeed which the Moonees were harboring.

We spent the next four hours talking with me on, trying to sleep it off and over. When one of us, accented, and then took up the cause, We tried to reach him emotionally, but that seemed to be futile. Then we tried it after him. I started to read *All God's Children* out loud.

When I got to the chapter "Fathers and the Underworld Church," Sun came seated to park up, his eyes wide-eyed. It had already slipped to the theme of corruption many times in our conversing.

"How can you give your life to a corrupt oneself? You can't prove it an atheist. Why are you working for the ultimate good of a corrupt South Korean dictatorships?"

He seemed particularly interested in the information about the Deposant National Bank.

David had already been indoctrinated by the Moonees into believing that South Korea was the new promised land, and I repeated some of the material that Dupree had given me in which Moonee reveals his desire to set up "heavenly kingdom on earth," with Korea as the new Israel, and Moon himself, the messiah, in spiritual leader. But David had lived in

David's eyes were dull; he wore a fixed, vacant smile. He asked if we were going to kidnap him.

Washington. He had been exposed to The Washington Post's stories on Tongan Park. Even in his present state, some of his interest in this began to revive.

"If they can be proven to be corrupt, I would leave in a minute," he said finally. "We couldn't believe our ears. We had really made a dent."

We continued to read from the book, which talked about how Moon and his closest colleagues live in splendor while everyone else was sleeping bags and didn't money long hours each day. We had read elsewhere how a myriad of front groups have been set up to shield the so-called church from the prying eyes of the press and public, how the church is committed to infiltrating Congress by sending people on "benevolently deceptive" missions designed to whittle themselves into congressional staffs and campaign. It was the kind of language that my politically oriented son could understand.

At the end of four hours, David agreed that he would go to a hotel to read both the positive and negative literature. It was 10:30 at a time, to bed after. It was agreed that we would take a step forward in the withdrawal process, and I agreed to provide him with additional literature as well as with "speakers" to augment the positive material he would get from the Moonees people.

It wasn't easy for him to leave that house. The Moonees clattered about as usual, trying to dissuade him. We followed them everywhere, refusing to allow them to be alone with David. We managed to get him into a cab and watched him leave the house for an unknown hotel. The Moonees were quite unhappy with us. Our response was to smile broadly, as they do.

"Get the hell out of there," I warned. Johnny, remembering the admonition about siblings. He tried to protest, but finally agreed. He, too, was by then utterly frustrated and angry.

David had promised to call us in the morning to tell us where to bring him to meet. We called Dupree to see whether he would talk to David. She agreed.

That night we had dinner with Dupree and her husband, a prominent San Francisco attorney. For the first time we glimpsed the anguish behind their facade of self-confidence. They showed us pictures of their daughter, Catherine, who had been under Moonee control for three and a half years. Dupree guard at the picture book with most care. By now we understood that talking well and could suffer with her. How could any religion that autocritically condemns man to break

the biological bond between child and parent be good? How can they pose as Christian, when they reject one of the commandments that undergirds the Judeo-Christian philosophy: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

That night, parked to the edge of my patience, exhausted from lack of sleep, I was nevertheless determined to come up with some play that might end the nightingale.

They had captured David through capture and desire. Damn them, we thought. We could be more than that they. We had to take a stand. We decided to tell David that his mother's life had been threatened, concocting an angsty story and, to back it up, checked her into the nearby Hilton on the grounds that she was afraid for her life. We thought he might respond to this, rush over to the Hilton, run away from the Moonees, and finally be disengaged. What the hell? We were trying to save his life.

He responded, but in a surprising way. By then we were all unsoaked actors, and our son Jonathan proved well up to the mark. Armed with negative information, he presented to the Hyatt Registry, where David had told us, he had finally checked in. Johnny posed on the story about their mother, and David bought it. One more never underestimate the bond between brothers. He convinced David to accompany us back to Washington, and we all agreed to meet at the San Francisco airport.

Joyful, exultant, and naive, I checked out of the St. Francis, after telling my wife to meet me in front of the Hilton. Without checking out of either place, we bags heavily packed, we were in a taxi and headed out to the airport. Neither David nor Johnny was at the assigned meeting place.

I called David's house. He was still there. Johnny got on the phone.

"We're surrounded by the Moonees," he said. "Don't worry," I said. Apparently David had informed his friend, now a renegade member of the group, of his whereabouts and his intentions, and the Moonees were quick to act to persuade him not to go.

"Get the hell out of there," I warned. Johnny, remembering the admonition about siblings. He tried to protest, but finally agreed. He, too, was by then utterly frustrated and angry.

We started back to the St. Francis.

There were more tears. More anger.

"That son of a bitch," I yelled, beating a fist into my palm. I was referring to my son. "Does he know who he's doing to us?" Then I remembered Dupree's words: "He mind has been raped. He doesn't understand."

We had to pass the Hyatt Registry to get back to the St. Francis, and on the off chance that the Moonees had not carried David back to one of their camps, I asked the driver and my wife to wait while I dashed up to his room. There was a "Do

Not Enter" sign on the doorknob. I could hear voices inside. I banged on the door.

"David, let me in," I cried.

"Go away." It was David's voice.

"Please enter. Please. Please."

I rammed onto the crack, but it felt like a soundless hydraulics, but I felt fully in command of myself. It was obvious that a number of Moonees were inside rattling David what to do. I could see people looking up curiously at the space of the stairs from the lobby floor. I had lost all sense of distance. For the better part of an hour, I stood there, banging, shouting, crying, screaming, rattling him of the threats to his mother's life, anything I could think of to reach him.

"If you're so worried, I'll call the police," he shouted through the crack. In a few moments I could hear steps in the distance. As the same time representations of the bushes started to begin to move with sufficient energy and intent to leave. I was disturbing the guests, they said. There was no question about that.

"If my son doesn't open this door, I fully intend to jump off your balcony," I shouted. I started toward the closer crack and shouted in again. The sound of the stairs grew louder. It had moved and had moved on. David should have remembered that he was afraid of heights, that I would be incapable of jumping. So David opened the door. He told me later he could not bear the thought of his inferior's being forcibly removed by the police. I rushed in. David became confused. The telephone rang, and I pulled the cord from

the wall. There were a group of Moonees in the room, swearing around David like locusts, warning him that his spiritual life was in jeopardy. My son Johnny arrived again. He had been getting a frisky signal from David's room and had rushed back to see what was going on.

"Your mother means nothing to us," David's big Sister exclaimed to counter our allegations. "Besides, we don't care if she dies."

At that time Sun Johnny began to cry. Then the police came in the room. David stood in the middle of a circle of Moonees. Dr. Cheng bringing in his arm. My wife, meanwhile, had panicked at the sound of noise and had run across the street to a nearby phone booth to call Dr. Dupree.

The police stood in a circle of the hotel, a motley crowd—the Moonees, the police, the hotel management, and one hysterical father.

For some reason David finally agreed to come to Washington. But only if Big Sister, the ubiquitous Betty, would go along. Once off in Washington, he reasoned, he could soon head back to the Moonees in San Francisco. It was half a loaf.

Johnny went to fetch my wife at the phone booth, and our original adviser pulled up at the sight of us. David and Betty got in.

When we got to the airport, the Moonees, who had arrived first, again began urging David to stay. Miserably, I pulled David off of Dupree's bed. David had been delirious and was about to leave. The five of us headed to the airport. Only center seats were

ing, she eagerly took our money for a return ticket.

We finally got David home. But he was still frightened and exhausted, and, at first, totally unable to make decisions or trust us. In those weeks he would have got to sleep, although his instincts and inherent sense of moral choice somehow survived.

Daphne Gossman, dragging her case and keeping watch over her children on bed with the flu, came out the next day to deprogram David. The first month home was a nightmare of confusion, indecision, and terror as he began to re-emerge into the real world. By another spark of fire, the lease on his apartment had lapsed during his absence; he had planned to move when he returned from his vacation, and as a consequence he had to live with us, something he had not done for more than four years.

Now that our emotional life has stabilized down and we are able to review our experience with less passion, we have been able to assimilate and add what David has now revealed. As we had suspected, the fully behaved he had been subjected to sophisticated mind control, cleverly engineered and orchestrated, a mind trap of immense proportions.

But how? By whom always? An David tells us, it was not at the San Francisco airport by some pleased people and was taken to a home in town where one of the first people he saw was Louis Pink, Congressman Hamilton Fish's daughter. She had credibility in the data of the Cravine Community Project, which was the front for the Moonies. Moonies were operating. That night they drove David to their Beaufort firm, which remained in the hands of his boyhood at camp and is a concern.

He was love-bombed from the beginning, told how great he was. He received constant attention and support. That night he was given a sleeping bag and placed in a trailer with about sixty other young people his age. This process is called "soulmining." The next day he was warmly greeted, assigned to a group, and put into the hands of Betty, his Big Sister, or spiritual parent.

At breakfast, he began a process called "spiritual dining." The group sat oriental style in a circle. Some of them were long-time Moonies, but were "undercover" at this stage. In fact, each person got up. They told about their lives and their intent to create. Each day the confessions got heavier and heavier; the most damaging information was exchanged. After each confessional the group applauded. This was a daily ritual.

Such daily the group attended seminars. The religious content was subtle at first. Then, too, art, theater and theater and more and more repetitive, like a drumbeat of information about the so-called full of man and oddball concepts of Satan and God. There was a great deal of eye contact.

David said he was being programmed to come to Washington under cover to carry on Moon's work.



United Air Audit used to make others

fact, reaching of hands, music. Familiar songs such as "The Red Red Robin" and "Babes in Toyland" were sung daily with "sisterly" lyrics.

Confession was kept to a minimum and was anonymous. The group always took turns at the start of its leader, and big Sister never left David's side. He was kept busy from morning until night. After the first week, he donated his money to the cause.

He did not know he was involved with a Moonie group until sometime toward the end of the second week. When he said he suspected something was amiss he was held in. According to what David was told, the concept of heavenly deception is strong in the cult. In about anything, the doctrine says, as long as it is for the greater good, presumably for the advancement of the so-called Newborn Son Moon.

David said that he was being programmed to come back to Washington under cover to join hundreds of others who were creating all over Washington who use the concept of heavenly deception to attain more power and money for Moon. Right now congressional subcommittee is investigating allegations that there are ties between Moon and the Korean CIA.

David also witnesses who he was vulnerable. He arrived in San Francisco exhausted from three years of nonstop work. He is an excellent teacher, used to compartmentalize his memory, a mind that can only accommodate a goal beyond measure. He is also in the famous inventors, the morning period, searching for his role in

life. In my day, there was the Army and marriage. Today there are many other alternatives for people of this age. For many, it is quite confusing. There are clever people out there, such as the Moonies and others, who prey on these vulnerabilities for their own selfish ends.

There are many people doing any thing about putting a stop to that. How dangerous the Moonies, who become more and more powerful each year. Most people are reluctant to challenge religion, freedom, and most people do not believe that brainwashing could happen to them.

Our success in extricating our son was purely luck. If we had not connected with the right people, if the travel agent who booked our flights hadn't coincidentally had the book *All God's Children* on her desk, if we hadn't stumbled upon David at Camp K, if the San Francisco to Washington flight had left on time, if the pilot had not been compensated, if my son Jonathan had referred to David's hotel room — David might still be in their clutches.

As far as the political ramifications, it gets more obvious with each new revelation that the Kansas launched a senatorial campaign against Moon, among others, to get Congress to keep 42,000 American troops in Korea and to continue pouring money into the country. We've already given them \$12.6 billion since World War II. To give them any more, to leave our troops there is a greater responsibility than a billion dollar mockery of President Carter's human rights program. It is another tragedy—the kind of hypocrisy that makes our young people such fertile material for the cult mind traps.

Toungor Park has attained in glory to the United States, reviving before Congress under an immunity deal, protecting his immorality, making one wonder what role our Justice Department is on. So Hu Pink makes recordings of his testimony, possibly for reply to the poor writhers captured by the Unification Church, while the church's network of front groups, reviving in this "persecution" by the press and Congress, continues to buy vast chunks of real estate and business properties owned by Moonies. Former Representative Hansen has pre-bought himself into a neo-con govt. plan. Moon's life is still peddling his last radio lesson.

Toungor has tried to tell me. So has the Kansas attorney. I haven't answered their calls.

And hundreds of innocent young people who do not know where they are headed. Moon's cult Moonies, despite being fanatical, bring little but sadness and misery to their wake.

We had lived agonies and the experiences. Perhaps there is a God and a Savior, after all. At least we now know which is which. —

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Not in this time when legends lived, the Czar still lived a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver rattle with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to His Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

The Man Who Designed It

by Suzanne Slesin

In February 1969, I. M. Pei, now director of the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., returned from a museum conference in Mexico City. He had become convinced that what makes a museum great is its soulfulness. He had decided that, whether you're Carter Brown or a four-year-old, forty-five minutes' worth of art is about all you can take in at one time. In forty-five minutes, one doesn't get bored, one's feet don't hurt, and one comes away with a sense of accomplishment. Now came the race to those thoughts with the design of the Gallery's 1979 new East Building. "What was planned?" "We figured out that what Carter was talking about was a ten thousand-square-foot area," says architect Beck Menghi. "He had more than five hours that space to deal with." The new museum building and Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts, planned by longtime John Walker, the Gallery's director in the early 1960s, is a monumental gift to the nation from the National Gallery president, Paul Mellon, his late mother, Anna Mellon Bruce, and the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation. The new building will be accommodate Paul Mellon's large and still expanding collection, plus special traveling exhibitions. It also had to take into account the enormous increases in audience attendance that have occurred in the past thirty years. I. M. Pei & Partners was asked to deal with a prestigious gift, on an important site, and still get people happily in and out in forty-five minutes. Pei accepted the challenge and did it, in effect, with small maximum on time, a feasible yet audacious plan.

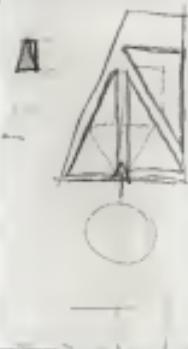
Pei had much experience with corporate and cultural buildings. Born in China in 1917, the gifted son of a well-to-do fam-

IM. Pei was asked to design a prestigious gift, on an important site, and get people in and out in forty-five minutes.

ily, he came to study in the United States in 1935, at MIT and at Harvard, under Walter Gropius, the founder of the Bauhaus, who was to consider him one of his most brilliant students. In 1948, after being introduced to real estate developer William Zeckendorf by architect Philip Johnson, he made an impulsive, dramatic shift from the academic world and bravely accepted a job with Webb & Knapp Inc., one of Zeckendorf's development firms. And in 1949, he was named that company's director of architecture. The firm grew to become one of the major contractors and development companies of the century, working in housing and office buildings.

At the point there, when he had designed acclaimed museums, such as Seagram's Everet Meyeroff of Art, corporate buildings (the National Airlines terminal at Kennedy International Airport is one), as well as the Paul Mellon Art Center at Chautauqua (one of Mellon's alma maters) in Willingboro, Connecticut. Charming, modest, patient, shrewd, witty, I. M. Pei has enjoyed a mounting and distinguished career, marked only by the egomaniacal of Burton's John Hancock Building, often referred to as "Pei's Problem," whose twelve acres of glass had to be replaced. Still in litigation, the project is recognizable, even today, for I. M. Pei & Partners' loss of many major commissions.

Forty years ago, Congress allocated a site for the National Gallery on the Washington Mall (English art dealer Lord Devon described the location as "by the anvil, near the pond"). Now the East Building will rise on an unused portion of that original allotment, a wedge between the Mall and Fourth Street, near the junction of Pennsylvania and Constitution avenues. The area had been the site of a Public Works project in the 1950s,



Above: An early sketch by architect Pei of the proposed gallery, already displaying his emphatically geometric plan.

Opposite page: I.M. Pei standing in front of the National Gallery's new East Building, which will be open to the public in June.

law courts, and was adjacent to a demolition place for war prisoners in the 1950s. Pei remembers the fall of 1986. On a flight to New York from Washington, D.C., just after the announcement that his firm was officially involved in the design of the new East Building, the architect scribbled a sketch of the building that conformed to the Imperialistic site. The plan was deceptively simple. It took into consideration the surrounding mountains and the placement of the older National Gallery. Pei drew a line parallel with the west side of the National Gallery, one parallel with the Mall, one with Pennsylvania Avenue, and one with Third Street. "I felt it was that symmetry, why should the whole thing be off balance?" he said. The architect spent 10 months working with the team of his manager for "holding an ground-breaking day, in May 1987, approximately. We knew the plan would work, but did we have a good plan of architecture?" says Pei. "The design could plus looked good, but to make it fine on, I.M. did it in two," says Weynes, who worked at Pei's office during the first years of the project. And there it was, an impossible triangle for the museum to fit into: a right-angle triangle for the Study Center and offices." When the new building was held under guard to the War Building, the project stalled in exile. Pei also had to deal with three government agencies—the Washington Area Art Commission, the National Capital Planning Commission, and the Pennsylvania Avenue Development Corporation. "We were holding in a location that interested all three. It took a year to get one plan accepted."

Pei was determined for the delays. His office was designing in a work progresses. He was afraid that holding might become too monotonous. "I was afraid that holding would not be good," but instead it was changed to give the building a remarkable sense of suspense. Even as its most solid facets, one facing the old National Gallery, these are openings that allow one to see into and through the building. Until just recently, scholars and museum directors thought of art as something to be sequestered, protected, safe. But Pei's building is open, full of light, accessible. "It's a friendly building," says Brown, "very welcoming—something you'd expect a building of that size to be."

For some others when his children were small, he would suggest they go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "They would refuse," he explains. "Let's go to the Guggenheim," they would say. Pei believes they were onto something. "Hans was tried to capture that some kind of excitement." He knows that Washington is a city of museums. "We know we would be on the list," he says. "But we didn't have to be imperial, imposing. Take the Lincoln Memorial, now that's imposing. We pay our respects, but we want to get out. Here we have other con-

cerns. We must learn how to entertain people, invite them, assure them, but most important, get them to come back."

Pei thinks of Pei's Centre d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou. "You can't beat it for attendance. They got five million visitors to six million, because up the escalator, people have a quick look over the Pompidou—people have. Only fifty thousand people visited the museum. Here we want people to look in the art."

Pei will work until the building opens up in a week. "We will not really know anything about the building until there are people in it," Pei concedes. "The estimated 100,000 people a day during the summer of 1988 will give the structure plenty of opportunity to maintain the degree of its success."

Inside, the plan becomes clear. There are two entrances in the building, and many ways to move around inside it—bridges, escalators, stairs, moving sidewalks. "These are architectural elements for people to use," explains Pei. "They simply don't make sense without anyone here. Then we think the space looks good empty or encouraging. With people, it will come alive."

The East Building is an architect's hell's dream. Pure geometry—easy to read, neatly done. Classical, innovative. Clear, powerfully clarifying. The two-to-five-foot modules of the marble block can be counted all the way up the side of the building; the triangular theme is repeated in the pink marble floor, on the adjacent ceiling, in the smaller gallery skylights, on the red-tiled and extremely ingeniously skylight that tops the central court. Only in the pattern, with its unbroken lines and pointy triangles, which get out of the fan-shaped geometric cobblestones do we feel that the

work is too constrained, the atmosphere with geometry too relentless.

It is safe to predict that no other building of this quality will be constructed in our century. Every joint, every maul, every detail is exemplary, superbly crafted, superbly finished. When the board of trustees funded I.M. Pei & Partners the building program, one of the "greats" warned Pei. The board specified that the East Building would have to be faced with the same marble used in the National Gallery. "They told us to follow the program and build it in marble. They didn't even say before the design," says Pei with a smile. "Maybe they should have."

"We didn't think we could manage the marble," he continues. "We set out to learn about it. We looked at all the other buildings on the Mall to see which came off best. Naturally, it was the National Gallery. After fifty-five years, it needed no maintenance. We asked why. There the marble is very thick and looks by thick necessity. Marble breathes and contracts. Eventually it cracks and opens up and the joints need repointing. We knew that we could never get marble as thick as on the older building, but we had to find a way to have a marble wall that needed no maintenance."

Pei's office devised a plan. Their now patented system has a grid of transverse phone around each stone so that each stone moves independently of the next next to it. There is no cumulative stress and the joints will never need repointing. Pei who admired the West Building's subtle gradation in the color of the marble. From bottom to top it shifts from dark to light. The original limestone quarries were tapped for a decade. Pei didn't see the new quarries—which is a back building faced in marble—to look somewhat, even if it was. "We wanted the marble to express compressive strength." Pei knew that marble was, "her good for bending long spaces." So for these Pei chose concrete faced with marble dust from the same quarries. "That made it possible for the marble and the concrete to be of the same family—and to be compressing yet to retain a certain flexibility."

He still worries about the marble. He is assured that it will weather and then better match that of the West Building. But walking around the new building, he sees only two gradations of color. On the West Building he had perceived four. Pei is not entirely pleased. He remarks that the marble he ordered years ago may actually have ended up in a sandstone quarry. At a recent lecture for his staff, he advised them: "When you go down to Washington, look at our building—at the way the marble changes color—then go across the Mall and look at the marble on the National Air and Space Building. That was our competition. It's more ways than one."

It's safe to predict that no other building of this quality will be erected this century.



Captial view. A new institution on the rise.

WASHINGTON'S NEWEST MONUMENT

The Old Money That Built It

by Christopher Buckley

Such money! Who can resist it? You're a good American, a registered Democrat, drop down a Buckminster Democrat, and you know as well as I that old man Rockefeller had an ice pick for a heart and made his money burning up the birds guy, that Henry Ford brought in Roosevelt at the Hamlet strike. Merton, Vanderbilt, they were not much better. Leaving a house full of paintings open to Sunday strollers—handy expansion for art schools, fashioned marriages, and blacklisting. Friends of democracy, said the Scrooges in 1815, should keep their eyes "intensely fixed" on the "monstrous aristocracy." A century later, Roosevelt understood. He called them "the masters of great wealth." Frank Capra understood. We understand. In our culture, the rich are held in contempt. Rockefeller is despised. Robert Kennedy, the government prosecutor who tried as hard to bring the Melons down, knew the real enemy of ex-Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon. "It is Mr. Mellon's greed that two hundred million dollars can do no wrong," he told reporters at one of the tax trials. "Our offense consists of doubting it." They never get A.W. But for aurious levy of \$66,000 in back taxes—peanuts—he was class. So I, thought everyone, there is a come here. Rich wealth in itself, not criminally possessed, will lead to no good. Plenty old codger once escaped through to the party gates without no federal control. He'd gotten everything out of his own name. At his death, he was, or paper, worth a negligible \$37 million.

Two biographies of the Mellon family are out now: Burton Hirsch's *The Melons* and

John Family (Morrison, \$14.95) and David Rockoff's *The Melons* (\$7.95). Hirsch does not like rich people and dislikes outright the idea of capital. Rockoff does not much like rich people either, but he does not regard the accumulation of money as a perversion of the natural order, and he does not dislike the Melons. They have been a quiet family, without less than the expected share of scandal. Beside the national standard bearers—the Rockefellers, the Du Ponts, Getty, Hughes, Ford—the nine Melons in little known. The family history, though not old, is not quite as rich as the family portfolio. Characters live and die in money—such a fortune, such a family.

the fortune that leads six generations. These two bucks are about wealth pure wealth. God knows, the Melons have given a lot of it away: about \$800 million so far, and they have mislaid or held on to almost \$5 billion.

Five billion dollars. There are specific problems. Rockoff begins his book with an anecdote that acts out every fantasy every New Dealer ever had about the rich. B. concerns young Karl Mellon, fifth generation descendant of Judge Mellon, founding father. On the day of his twenty-first birthday, Karl rolled up the trust department at Pittsburgh's Mellon Bank. "This is Karl Mellon, and today is my twenty-first birthday," he said. "I understand that as Melons are supposed to come into a lot of money we're twenty-one. An atheist trust officer declared, 'Well, sir, it's a lot of money.' Mellon understood. He understood that the masters of great wealth, Frank Capra understood. We understood. In our culture, the rich are held in contempt. Rockefeller is despised. Robert Kennedy, the government prosecutor who tried as hard to bring the Melons down, knew the real enemy of ex-Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon. "It is Mr. Mellon's greed that two hundred million dollars can do no wrong," he told reporters at one of the tax trials. "Our offense consists of doubting it." They never get A.W. But for aurious levy of \$66,000 in back taxes—peanuts—he was class. So I, thought everyone, there is a come here. Rich wealth in itself, not criminally possessed, will lead to no good. Plenty old codger once escaped through to the party gates without no federal control. He'd gotten everything out of his own name. At his death, he was, or paper, worth a negligible \$37 million.

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Christopher Buckley is a writing editor on *Esquire's* staff.

you went, you have only to work for it. He rebelled against farming, because it, however, then a judge. He bought up mortgages and loans. With the money from those foreclosures he bought up from. Mellons' declines when the time came, Mellons' son, now 70, has had a hard time. At his death in 1988, Mellon was worth \$4 million. He never especially enjoyed any of it. His critique of Skidmore explains everything: "The fine sentiments of Skidmore, he wrote, 'cost too much selling among the querulous legal and vulgar imitators of their fancies, and the obdurate manners of a rude age.'

Wealth is responsibility. The judge produced 160 descendants, and very few escaped the burdens of garrisonry. A later-day Mellon, the nephew of a \$30 million trust fund, said Mellons: "In business like ours, what life becomes in holding onto what you've got... Or worse."

The Mellon divorce rate is high. There have been a few suicides, some involving over property, a man killing a woman. And it's only natural. Paul Mellon's parents divorced in 1960, and what a spectacle that was. A *Wall Street Journal* reporter wrote: "None of her suitors with an English lawyer, planted 'incestuous' doubt around the house. At the trial, medical witnesses were called in to testify on the probability of that possibility. 'The two lawyers here are...,'" and in the end they got just custody and a W settled a love fond on her. The only losers were the children. Possibly this is why Paul Mellon, the judge's grandson, avoids confrontations. Paul Mellon never argues over the price of a painting. He asks the price once, evenly over. If it is too high, he walks, politely, out the door. He avoids confrontations. In Hirsch's book we find this story: Paul was in the hospital once, and a "very angry nurse barged in each morning" to oversee his gagging with the obnoxious fluid that dominated his night table. He never dared object; his tip was well along before he was able to establish that the stuff was Windus's orderly hair fertilizer.

The rich, generally, get rich by being tough, but once rich, there are indulgences. His can only be identify house. Karl Mellon's boarding school headmaster each night at bedtime addressed him as "Mr. Mellon"—maybe four points of that starts you the right. Bill's wife, Paul's mother, wrote letters to one of Paul's many full of the most minute touch of heraffairs. That is how sound these are. When she died, a man was hired to sort through his safe. He found the last correspondence of the family, and sold the letters back at a prizemongered sum. "Which we all thought was very decent of him," a relative told Hirsch. "He could have let us have the letters one at a time."

And how do you explain such wealth to

When the Mellons wanted sand dunes in front of their Cape Cod house, 2,000 tons of sand were trucked in.

the children? Kornblatt's bibliography offers a newsprint telling that Paul's son, Theodore, gave \$60,000 for the rebuilding of a burned-out hospital in Hanoi. Paul Mellon's a socialist, a Democrat, Republican, and there is no record of a father-son conversation. Russell, "Bunny," Mellon, Paul's wife, sold Hirsch that her husband attaches no strings to his children's \$100 million trust funds, but reflected on what will be the final judgment: "It's hard with children who are at the same economic level," she said. "They simply don't have it."

Paul Mellon has beaten the judge's odds, having spent only those of his seventy-one years working, and having distinguished in neither body nor mind. (To exercise the former, he rides; the latter by sailing by sailing the sea at a nineteenth-century English country house.) He is a man of many interests, and the friend. George Carter, 79, has learned to do what his father and grandfather could not: enjoy the money. A. W., who invested from the boards of fifty-one companies to become Harding's Secretary of the Treasury, "was not really interested in money. Money was just the by-product of the way that the judge had taught him to keep busy." Paul spent three years in the Prithiwick bank after Yale and Cambridge. He got out first chance he had and never looked back. The Mellon fortune, in the meantime, grew and grew. Paul, it is said, is worth anywhere from \$400 million to \$1 billion.

The old judge, and that making money was hard, but spending it wisely, "so as not to show the signs of old-money conceit, among these suddenly grown rich," was especially hard. Paul owned five houses in New York, Washington, Cape Cod, Antigua, and Virginia. (Bunny maintains a house in Paris, generally.) Hirsch relates, full of "fancy decorations" when Paul refused to allow onto his property. He owns a breeding farm for horses in England, a collection of French Impressionists valued at some \$800 million, a Calvados. The same old-world mentality of Burch and Kornblatt has produced only a handful of unattached descendants—the kind that Americans expect of their rich. And even these are not quite vulgar, which is exactly what Americans expect of their rich. When Bunny's daughter came home from studying in Paris, the Mellons threw a party at the Virginian estate, complete with

medieval tournament tents, a pavilion for 700 guests, Coast Guard and fire engines, and a grand display of fireworks. (Goway's judgment is that the cost is \$1 million. Even if you divide by half, that's some party.) But the summer Paul and his wife, the Cape Cod, Burch, Bremen for the races and beach, a break in Cape Cod—or Virginia—for cocktails. When the Cape Cod house had no sand dunes, 2,000 tons of sand were trucked in, and, try God, now there are dunes!

And how rich is \$1 billion? Jack Anderson reported just year that it takes \$697,798 to run the federal government for one minute. One billion dollars would pay the cost of the government for 23.9 hours. Some days it almost seems worth it.

As a direct result of Mellon, the United States has a new \$95 million addition to the National Gallery and a national park in Cape Cod. He donated his \$100 million collection of British art to Yale and built an \$18-million Louis Kahn building to put it in. He has been up to other work, giving libraries, endowments, charities, colleges, press, subscriptions, roughly totaling \$300 million. There is a tax advantage, of course. Philanthropy is an Mellon's sole seems to amount to the ultimate luxury in 20th-century America: the ability to have the ability to spend your own tax dollars. No doubt many prefer entraining theirs in Joe Colombo, but, you know, the other day one of his spokemans announced that H.W. had between \$6.3 billion and \$7.4 billion last year on "wine, abuse, and travel"—a sum well exceeding what has taken the Mellons 122 years to accumulate.

"The business of America is business," said Cal Coolidge once mused. Until the third generation, Paul's parents ran the business of the Mellons was strictly business—except for one fellow, J.B. Mellon, one of the judge's sons. He passed up the chance to go into Gulf and Texas. He was content being "a mere multimillionaire." He retired at sixty to spend time with his grandchildren. They called him Pony Gramps, and when he found a good job, he painted cartoon baby eggs with their huge noses, and in the morning told the grandkids about the problems being faced on the project. And then in 1965, when the Mellon fortune had increased but yet a stupendously huge, he knew America would not be able to share such wealth. So one day he bought a physician's skeleton and mounted it into a wall in his house. "Maybe it will be a beautiful piece from now," he told the grandchildren, "but someday this wall will be torn down and people will exclaim, 'That old son-of-a-bitch! He buried a man alive!'" **BB**

Right: Paul Mellon, personified as the price of a painting, exactly once.



The Art Treasures Inside

On June 1, the National Gallery's East Building will open to the public with a series of spectacular exhibitions, illustrating the multifaceted themes and flexibility of Washington D.C.'s newest art showcase. Six shown, some highlights of

which are shown below and on the following pages, will include two contemporary art exhibits—one, "Aspects of Twentieth-Century Art," includes three mini-shows: "Picasso and Cubism," "European Sculpture and Painting," and

"Music—Cubism and Jazz." "American Art of Mid-Century: The Subjects of the Artist," features the work of seven major abstract expressionists. There will also be shows of

—Continued on reverse



Whistler: John Whistler's 1871 painting "Prairie Fire" (The Brothers Planting). In the collection of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Melville, it will be seen in the "Aspects of Twentieth-Century Art" exhibition.



Matisse: Georges Braque's 1911 painting "Red Studio" (Red Studio) is on view in the "Aspects of Twentieth-Century Art" exhibition. From the Alice Mellon Bruce Fund, it is in the "Modern Drawings" show.



Picasso: Georges Braque's 1911 painting "Family of Saltimbanques" (Family of Saltimbanques) is part of the Alice Mellon Bruce Collection, in the "Aspects of Twentieth-Century Art" exhibition.



Matisse: "The Glass" (Gilded paper cutout, 10" x 12" in) from "Aspects of Jazz" (1940). In the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon.



Constantin Alexander Liberman: 18-foot-6-inch high sculpture, "Adam" (1966), is on view in the former President Nixon from The Corcoran Gallery of Art in 1972, now stands on the East Building's north side.



Military: Wheel lock pistol and powder box (Augsburg, ca. 1590) with etched and gilded barrel and cover in copper gilt. (c. 1590) from the Staatliche Kunstsammlungen Dresden.



Portraits: "Public Figures" (1800) "Roy with a Pipe" (1803) (both, 30" x 24" inches) by Gustavus Dahlia Fornander (1770-1820), in the "Portraits: The Early American Presidents" exhibition.



Architectural: "Palace of Versailles" (1750-60) (16" x 12" inches) on etching, engraving, and pastel by Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-78), in the "Portraits: The Early American Presidents" exhibition marking the two hundredth anniversary of the artist's death.



Gothic: "Fool, enameled, and gold sixteenth-century grotesque figure from the Zwinger Kästensammlungen (c. 1510-1515) Dresden.



Allegorical: Jackson Pollock's 1956 "Tenebrist" (37" x 11" inches) oil, enamel, and aluminum paint on canvas from the Alice Mellon Bruce Fund, is on the "Jazz" page to above.



"Small French Paintings from the Bequest of Ales Melton Bruce", "Masterpieces of Old Masters from the German Democratic Republic", "Prussia: The Early Architectural Facades", works commissioned from Robert Matherwell, Jane Miro, and Anthony Caro, and "The Splendor of Dresden—Five Centuries of Art Collecting," a gigantic exhibit of more than 200 objects valued at \$82 million, as loan from the German Democratic Republic at the Dresden show

Dresden and Waterworks", "Prussia: The Early Architectural Facades", works commissioned from Robert Matherwell, Jane Miro, and Anthony Caro, and "The Splendor of Dresden—Five Centuries of Art Collecting," a gigantic exhibit of more than 200 objects valued at \$82 million, as loan from the

German Democratic Republic. The exhibition includes old master paintings, Renaissance and baroque bronzes, arms and armor, jeweled objects, Meissen porcelain, and German Romantic paintings. For this prestigious exhibit, the National Gallery's director, J. Carter Brown, wanted to create a special flavor

luring knights in full armor will greet visitors to the lower-level exhibit entrance, and the blue-, green-, and maroon-painted galleries with their gold-painted benches will take visitors into a totally different world.

At one point in the planning stages of the new museum, it was thought that Paul

Mellon's gift would be the "west gallery of the National Gallery," Antioch L.M. Pei was not the only one to be relieved when this turned out not to be the case. "When I saw the Mallik bronze Venus being brought in, I was delighted," Pei remarked.

The intermingling of art from past cen-

turies with the assertively modern structure gives the museum a richness that it would not otherwise have. Ten years ago, when Brown was in charge of perfecting together the building program, he didn't know what direction modern art would take. "But whenever there was a decision to be made," said one observer, "Carter



would always opt for flexibility."

He got what he asked for. In the East Building there are large open spaces and small intimate ones, and a corner court thought up by the seventy-five-foot span of the Calder mobile—an armchair. But made possible by Paul Mousse's research into the use of hexagonal aluminum that reduced the weight of the mobile from 5,000 to 920 pounds. "The day it was installed," recalled Pivi, "Calder dashed a jug on one of the upper bridges." Prepared only by calculating our currents and always in motion, the Calder qualifies the space with every one of its oscillations.

Every space in the center court is sealed to the gigantic spaces—the Chagall sculpture perches over the sloping landing, the jetty stands over the sloping landing, the Matisse sculpture on the north wall, the two pairs of chairs on the south wall, one of three sculptures and the Motherwell; on an upper gallery wall, is also illuminated with natural light, thanks to a special ribbon skylight. The smaller French Impressionist paintings and most of the drawings will be shown in more intimate, less aggressively architectural spaces. An architect who worked closely with Pivi explained that there was an attempt to provide the right spaces for different types of art, and, with special lighting and movable ceilings, to make the galleries adaptable. In many instances, he added, we felt that in order to view an small-scaled art one needed to escape from the architecture. Brown agreed. He was against high ceilings. Large gallery spaces, too much art at one time. The National Gallery's plan to cope with its 600,000 to 75,000 visitors reflected this.

From opening day through Labor Day the National Gallery is always free and open. Monday through Saturday from 10 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.; Sunday, from 10 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. For the first year, to 9:30 p.m. a lot of people are expected. Brown sees the underground passageway that links the older building to the new one with a moving sidewalk, and a surprisingly quiet cafeteria complex—all chrome, neon, and plastic—will be, according to Brown, "a place to stare people." During the first four months, visitors will need to pay two separate visits in order to see all the exhibits in the East Building—one to see the Dresden show, another for the other galleries. The Dresden exhibit will be available on a free pass (first two persons) picked up from kiosks on the platform between 9:30 and 10:30 p.m. the day before one wants to visit the show. You will have no problem getting in if you respect your designated half-hour entrance slot, says the director. Now all efforts are in

Opposite: American sculptor David Smith's "Valley VIII," three pieces of raw or ready-made steel made in summer 1958, will be shown in a tower gallery in an installation that suggests the Spoleto, Italy, amphitheater for which they were originally commissioned.

Brown would always opt for flexibility, insisting on large open spaces and small intimate ones.

high gear for the opening. Later, the Study Center will expand the function of the museum. With a photographic lecture and a great reading room, it will be a very important part of Paul Mellon's plan. According to Brown, "An art museum has a

responsibility to do more than display objects. It reinterprets the role of objects in history, if only to defend its own labels and make a contribution to human knowledge. The new center will give scholars an opportunity to come here and will bring them together with the books they need. We're trying to prepare for the future, to connect past, present, here and education and research."

Growing up in Pittsburgh, Paul Mellon once recalled that his father's house "was very dark, and the halls were very dark, and the walls were very dark, and outside Pittsburgh was very dark." The only bright spots on the walls were his father's paintings. Now, Mellon doesn't worry about dark spaces anymore.

—Suzanne Stein



The center court: A Calder mobile, giant bridge, and brilliant natural light



The glass-arched, vaulted entrance from Pivetti's "Concert" (opposite) area.

McGuane's Game

This crazy life that novelist Thomas McGuane has been living—is it a dream? Or a nightmare?

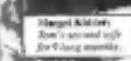
by Thomas Carney

The ranch is a lone ranch about twenty miles south of Livingston, Montana. On 300 acres of brushland lying along Deep Creek and backed by the Absaroka range, Thomas McGuane raises hay, barley, and quarter horses. A swollen plague on the trees in the early 1970s had driven most of the cattle away. McGuane's 100-acre ranch still rears horses through the mountains up to the house, which is mostly white clapboard with redwood add-ons. The outbuildings are made of log, and an use of them, a storage shed, is another plague. It says "Raw Deal Ranch."

Tom McGuane is a comic novelist and screenwriter. His three novels have won him comparisons to Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Tatum, Camus, Bellow, Celine, Updike, Pynchon, Leclair, and Hammett. He is writing—especially Hemingway—because McGuane, too, is from the Midwest and is a sportsman and likes such a profound and exact joy in the world of material. The Sporting Club became a movie. The Absaroka Ranch was the Rustic Prize, and Moby-Two or the Blade was made into a movie directed by McGuane himself. He has also written the



Elizabeth Ashley
as Lucy Tom's lover
in *Raw Deal*



Margaret Kidder
as Lucy's second wife
for *Raw Deal*

Wives & Lovers

screenplays for *Rancho Deluxe* and *Moby-Two or the Blade*.

Tom McGuane is a tall man with a large acrobatic build. His face is dominated by a dark mask of eyebrows over surprisingly wavy and an otherwise lower lip. It is serene, it is a man composed of emotions. An arts-and-crafts cabinet maker exists outside Livingston, Montana, and his work is his son and

Montana in

Rocky, his first wife, and cook of aарь, and the house was full of people. McGuane, who works on a novel about an hour a day at first and then all day toward the end, found it was impossible to work when he sat down to the demands. His first wife of forty years, composed mostly of mouth, unable to sit still all over his nuptials, went back to his roots and

Photographs of McGuane by Michael Abensson

because McGuane has been, and still is, one of McGuane's great loves, and because McGuane is the son of a placid man who makes places wherever he goes. Living on farmscapes and ranches in various parts of Paradise Valley are neighbors Peter Fonda and Warren Oates, writers Richard Brautigan and William Burroughs, director Sam Peckinpah, and a painter, Russell Chatham, who also writes. For most of them, McGuane was the enigma. "I don't know," says Fonda, "but the other Tom McGuane is an enigma." After *The Sporting Club* was sold to the movies, he made a down payment on the ranch bought a house in Key West, and decided to pursue salmon fishing. To that end he spent a period of full days anchored in a passage through the Keys working to see what the tide reversal He got good enough that salmon began appearing within three minutes of his gaffes, and professional fishing guides said he was good enough to guide. He didn't, but he wrote a novel about gaffing. *Moby-Two or the Blade*, which he finished in the first draft in Thanksgiving Day, 1972.

"I had been so determined to be a successful writer, so want it took insane dedication, that from twenty to thirty I was working all day long and writing. In Key West, after the season, I finally relaxed; I could stop pedaling so insanely get off the boat and walk around the neighborhood. The changes, though, were subtle, but it was getting noticeable to spend another year separated like that, writing. I just dropped out. I just fighting my way through marriage and the Salmon New York Times.

Thomas Francis McGuane III was born in Wyandotte, Michigan, December 11,

completed the first draft at eleven that night.

Ninen-Two or the Blade was the last novel of what McGuane would grow to consider a trilogy. All three books depict a certain way with the passage into manhood of young men, and in the heart of each was a more or less practical joke. But in *Ninen-Two or the Blade* McGuane's character Tom Shleton died, moving directly from a working age into the grave. The book would prove five times, but Shleton would stay dead.

Tom Christian, a boyish young man, son of McGuane's IV to her parents, McGuane and Diane Palmer, a nineteen-year-old boy living with the McGuiunes three miles south of Key West in McGuane's 1971 Porsche. Snow that had come to Montana for Thanksgiving was everywhere abated by the end of December and the roads were icy and slick, nearly all the way to Florida. Outside Bellfort, Texas, at 340 miles per hour, McGuane lost control of the Porsche which began to career off a big rock. Turning to Scott Palmer he said in a quiet voice, "We're dead." But the Porsche ended up in a coalfield not even damaged much.

Several hundred miles later, Scott got out of the car, called Bucky in Michigan, and took a plane and met them in Key West. Since the accident McGuane had been unable to speak.

"I kept thinking, 'I had died. I kept thinking about all the things I hadn't done.'

During the next several months in Key West, McGuane again would have periods of involuntary silence. They would come at odd times, like out on the flats fishing with friends, and McGuane would be silent again before he could no longer.

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Now, in Los Angeles, seventy-eight miles from New England, McGuane's father, a slaty-haired man, had moved on the Harvard line, and then started Tom McGuane line, a very successful Denver-based literary press company. McGuane's mother, a red-haired look beauty, was the daughter of a ship's chandler in Fall River, Massachusetts. McGuane is related to judges

and lawyers, the descendants of Don Cushing, a tall, blustery with a perfect figure. Tom McGuane, editor of the literary magazine, weighed about one-hundred thirty-five pounds, and Bucky, by her own admission, was a smatly-pak-pak gift more prone to doing football players than boys who wore caps. But the ended up with McGuane, holding out in a phone booth while a football player announced over the radio of the women's dorm, looking for the girl who stand him up.

At Michigan State, McGuane met a whole group of literary transfer students, many of whom later became writers. Jim Hartman, T.D. Reed, Dan Gerber, and a New York writer gang kid, Bob Dylan, majored in veterinary science, where McGuane encouraged to become a veterinarian.

In 1962, Bucky and McGuane got married. They had a son, a tall, lithe, McGuane long, he wanted to write, but he looked up his application to the Yale Drama School with a Navy test pilot phsy. If Yale didn't want him, he would go to Princeton. Yale did want him, but McGuane almost flew the jet. His eyes were so good the people running the Navy school had him easy afterward to look around with the right machine. McGuane could read a printed page at thirty feet.

Accused to the drama school, he spent the next three years gladly lost among the 3 million volumes in Sterling Library. "I came in at the tail end of the second or refugee period, and I bought the whole thing. If you had to start from the beginning with the Greeks and then move on to the Romans, the French, and Harry James."

While he was off at Yale pretending to be a playwright, McGuane began work on a manuscript that later turned out to be *Raw Deal*, a novel. The novel was left unfinished when McGuane's over a vacation description touched off a fistfight.

From Cranbrook, a Michigan prep school McGuane went to the University of Michigan, where he already undergraduate academic career was further distinguished by a 9.0 grade point average. Awarded a Silver Ann Award, he moved next to Oberlin, a small Michigan college where he was first exposed to writing. And from there to Michigan State, where he earned a Bachelor's degree in library science. McGuane is the son of Don Cushing, a tall, blustery with a perfect figure. Tom McGuane, editor of the literary magazine, weighed about one-hundred thirty-five pounds, and Bucky, by her own admission, was a smatly-pak-pak gift more prone to doing football players than boys

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In 1962, Bucky and McGuane got married. They had a son, a tall, lithe, McGuane long, he wanted to write, but he looked up his application to the Yale Drama School with a Navy test pilot phsy. If Yale didn't want him, he would go to Princeton. Yale did want him, but McGuane almost flew the jet. His eyes were so good the people running the Navy school had him easy afterward to look around with the right machine. McGuane could read a printed page at thirty feet.

Accused to the drama school, he spent the next three years gladly lost among the 3 million volumes in Sterling Library. "I came in at the tail end of the second or refugee period, and I bought the whole thing. If you had to start from the beginning with the Greeks and then move on to the Romans, the French, and Harry James."

While he was off at Yale pretending to be a playwright, McGuane began work on a manuscript that later turned out to be

The *Brutalized Piano*, William Styron took a second manuscript called *Five Groves* (parts of which later appeared in *The Sparrow Choi*) to Random House, but the book was rejected. After a year at the School for Strausians (during the year in Florence, McGowan was editing the *Stevie Smith* collection), McGowan came back to the States and got a Wallace Stegner Fellowship to study at Stanford. Again far McGowan, it was nothing but reading and writing and a few trips into the hinterlands to fish and boat. This was 1966-67 and Houghton Mifflin was going full tilt but McGowan remained uninterested.

McGuane the straight
arrow became
McGuane the boogie
chieftain in
full dance regalia.

Hughts-Sabury was going full tilt but McCloskey remained uninvolved.

Everyone called him the White Knight. Bucky.

In 1988, Theorem IX no.

For more information, contact:

After being visited by his new father, Wood, McQuane went off to Baja California to fish. Through Jim Harrison, The Spawning Club has been sent off in Harrison's edition at Samoil & Schuster. While McQuane was in Baja, a tele-
gram came saying The Sporting Club had been accepted for publication. Bucky, hardly knowing where he was, sent McQuane a telegram. Hours later he was succeeded on a separate bench by a Mexican policeman in full uniform. "Congratulations," said McQuane, "your book has been accepted."

McGuisse was oblivious with excitement. Driving straight through to his Land Rover, he reached Belfast that night. He was recently eighty years old, with a wife and now a baby. For several years McGuisse's father had been calling people his son was teaching.

In Key West in the beginning of 1901, McQuain was starting to come attack in the bombing. Key West itself was a colorful place he was with blue indigo from Spain would put their tails to work with pieces of eight. But land sand for a particular reason.

That January, Russell Chatman, Bill Morrison, and Guy Vidéone a phonographer intended to spend the winter. However

"I had goal my days," he says. "I know this enough. In 1962 I had changed from a bookworm to a book-worm and now I have changed back. Butler was in the same shape. We had both heard voices telling us to do something."

McGrawe the straight arrow who spent years telling his friends how to live their lives while he lived his like a hermit became McGrawe the boozey chauffeur out of full dance regular. The McKnight began staying out all night, using drugs and drink in quantities. A woman other than his wife

I could see her falling apart. But I was right in front of my eyes. We were together ten years by that time. The romance was fading but the friendship was growing stronger. Tom was my friend. I could have screaming fights, screaming and always get up laughing. But I was really forced to be okay if I really love someone. I just have to know what's in it for them."

Becky Crockett is grown up, dependent among three brothers. She discovered that McNamee did was necessary to him and not directed at her. She protested but well. From the consequences and almost succeeded protecting McGuire, finally she had to knock out of the house.

In 1917, *The Bookman* was published and received the same accolades and many more, including *The Spanish Club* and also a prize. Rosenfeld, though, was so caught up in the book business, selling the latest copy-right there was the personal endorsement of Macaulay, Johnson, and, what's more, the past. Frisch's book is a series of sermons on the printed literature covered a shelf from biggest stars like *The New York Times*, *Book Review*, and *New York Review of Books*. McGuire discovered a success. He made a fortune.

Recognition would only be achieved at the expense of youth's young energies, perhans too preoccupied on Makassar, with a group of his own talents, began to think.

While McGuire was mulling over the qualities of his chosen craft and his compunctions, his psyche was drugs and overwork.



2008; Peltzer et al. 2009;
21...pseudo-child
2009; 2009; 2009).

Thomas McDonald
377-7416, 304-244-4612
Law and Books.

Maggie McQueen
New Jersey
and Missouri

Children

These gentlemen were living in the McGaugh guest house, a stand distinctly away from the McGaugh main house.

We used to hear them over the back fence. Beekley says "Tom was getting on possible with everyone except Scott and me, and we could hear those guys doing

all sorts of strange things back there. I was too much. Finally Tom just went through the back fence and got out there.



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advantage. *Ninety-Two* in the *Shadows* came out. There were more whistles and cheers, louder this time and from a greater variety of sources. L. E. Stevens of *The New Yorker* and Martha Duffy of *Time* made the usual Hemingway comparisons in specific, more sophisticated ways. *Newsweek* and *Newsday* both agreed. *Ninety-Two* also received what was to become a McGaughie trademark, middling sales. But the book was a tightly constructed object, neatly bisected and sprung. Elmer Kastner, the producer, called McGaughie to say how much he liked his writing. Was there maybe a movie here?

Kastner flew McGaughie to Louisville, where he met Candace Bergen, Nick Nolte, the director, and Kastner himself. McGaughie, wearing his customary blazer and evocative bowtie, was automatically taken aback. But he recovered quickly. By the end of his short stay, everyone wanted to make *Ninety-Two*—or at least McGaughie—into a movie.

McGaughie was sent home to do a screenplay of *Ninety-Two*, which he promptly cleaned out, while Kastner sat about finding some *Hammer* and a director. Robert Altman was the original choice, but then Kastner and Altman got into a fight and Sam Peckinpah became the original choice to be replaced later by original choice Melvin Ross. Negotiations took place, were struck up, were down again, and at the end of the roller-coaster Hollywood road, McGaughie, with some financial encouragement from Kastner, started another screenplay. This was *Presenting Western*, about a hotel jack lad and a young woman who made their way into Rancho Del Norte, the Montana state prison. After reading the script, Kastner's comment to McGaughie was pure Hollywood pith: "Gold, Tom, you've given me gold."

While *Ninety-Two* was still in the negotiation stage, Kastner got Frank Perry to direct *Rockie DeLore*, and Perry cast Jeff Bridges, Elizabeth Ashley, Sam Waterston, Clifton James, and Harry Dean Stanton in the major parts. *Showing* was scheduled for the spring of 1976, or around Livingston, Montana. McGaughie, Merton of the *Messes*, had made the big jump.

Livingston, Montana, is a long, long, thin town, running along the Bitterroot River in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. Bars with leaping trout mounted on the walls line the two main streets, and the aqueduct, latter named like streams are full of willows and cottonwoods. The Swindellhouse family owned the local bank, and allegedly, \$100,000 sat in the one-room basement warehouse. That's right, Swindellhouse and Goldfarb.

The trouble with McGaughie is he's a star, Frank Perry says. "He could write, direct, act, you name it. He's a star. But I think the film business was permission for him."

Drugs, wife-swapping, Everybody loved everybody. It was Hollywood come to Yellowstone Valley.

The cast and crew of *Rockie DeLore* (with the exception of Perry, spent a good deal of their time at Ranches Row Hotel. Everybody loved everybody. Jeff Bridges fell in love with a local girl and married her. Elizabeth Ashley fell in love with McGaughie, wearing his customary blazer and evocative bowtie. Was he automatically taken aback. But he recovered quickly. By the end of his short stay, everyone wanted to make *Ninety-Two*—or at least McGaughie—into a movie.

"One of the audience couldn't do long and soliloquy," Perry says. "Because she was always so blase' about on drugs herself. She'd done it perfectly herself in *E.A.* when we cast her. We tried it over and over again in Montana, but then she was like, 'Too bad.' It was an absolutely stunning piece of film-making." McGaughie, meanwhile, convinced Kastner that *Showing* should be done either than *Rockie DeLore*, and Kastner, having a gambling man's selling no-nonsense enthusiasm, said yes.

By the time the movie was originally shot, McGaughie says, "I was beyond free. I was okay by then. But before that, oh my God. There is no *Book of Revelations*. I was petrified." He is amazed to convince Peter Fonda to do the movie with little as up-to-date money and then did the same with Warren Oates, Elizabeth Ashley, Burgess Meredith, Sylvan Miles, and Harry Dean Stanton. In *E.A.*, a Canadian actress, Margot Kidder, who had just done *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, had the wing and told her agent she wanted to play *Miranda*, the schoolteacher girl friend of Tom Selleck.

In the fall of 1974, with the picture scheduled to shoot that winter, McGaughie went to L.A. for a final casting session. Margaret Kidder had been the *Miranda* part and McGaughie fell at her feet and begged her to take the role. She did, even though he could not see *Miranda*.

"Will you marry me and take me to your southern manor?"

"Don't have one," the young woman said.

"Will you marry me anyway?"

Drug possession. McGaughie got his name and the next day left for his sister's funeral. The casket at the bar was Jimmy Buffet's sister, Laura.

"I was a little southern girl on the verge with her. 'We've got to do something,'" he told Beckley. "I'm going nuts." They began having an affair.

After his parents split up, Scott Palmer had simply appeared on *McGaughie* doorstep in Key West and gradually become an indispensable part of the family. When McGaughie began nose-diving with drugs, Scott, who was then 19, and then 21 when he was in the Haught, knew very well how to rescue. But now, with his adopted family threatening to break up, he was desperate and Beckley, who had been steadfast so long, was perhaps a little dangerous, too.

It was now this emotional explosion that McGaughie, very much bringing his own words, arrived with Margot Kidder to start principal photography on *97 in the Shadows*. The script and book easily concerned two black human beings willing to kill each other for an obscene pace of fishing ground, but more than anything else, the movie seemed to be a lateral tilting at McGaughie. With the exception of Beckley, the whole cast of characters in his life, along with big chunks of his past life in Key West, appeared in *97 in the Shadows*, in his first attempt at directing, but also to tilt the emotional or patriotic parts of two lovers and a wife. The fight scene in *97* between Elizabeth Ashley and Margot Kidder is very convincing. At some point, off screen, Ashley broke a lamp over McGaughie's head.

In the six weeks it took to shoot, a movie emerged in which Tom Selleck did not make the discovery of his life at the moment of his death. Instead, it was the end of the partner, Selleck and his other fishing guide at *97 in the Shadows* beat crazy, slapping each other on the back. McGaughie himself did not come out nearly as well. Margaret Kidder returned to *E.A.* and discovered in Tahiti she was pregnant. For Beckley, this meant divorce. In March of 1975, the divorce was granted.

"Things got complicated there for a while," she says now. "But it's just like being in an elevator. You go up another level. You have a great gift of bringing out the best in people. He certainly did with me."

During the shooting of *97*, McGaughie's sister Marion died. The day after he was pronounced dead, McGaughie was lying on a furiously floor, seething mightily impaled by drugs. Then came Margaret Kidder, the *Miranda* part and McGaughie fell at her feet and begged her to take the role. She did, even though he could not see *Miranda*.

"Will you marry me and take me to your southern manor?"

"Don't have one," the young woman said.

"Will you marry me anyway?"

Drug possession. McGaughie got his name and the next day left for his sister's funeral. The casket at the bar was Jimmy Buffet's sister, Laura.

"I was a little southern girl on the verge

of divorce," he says, "and he was crazy with Margot and Becky and all that. But we kept in touch."

Once, after six months, they called each other on the same day. Another time, McGuane called her from London. The next day his father died.

The death of his son and father, the divorce, the meaning of his move—McGuane became so consumed that to this day he cannot remember exactly where his father is buried.

"Big Grandpa's dead," McGuane told his son, Thomas. "He is?" "He died last night." "I know what I want for Christmas." "What's that?" "I want Big Grandpa back."

McLean Brooks was the second DeVito in the big leagues. Marlene Dietrich, Jack Palance, Arthur Penn. Once again, McGuane's career coincided with stars, only this time it was Biltmore and Virginia, not Livingston, and McGuane was two years less exalted about movies. After months with the cloth minkies and Moviekes editing *92 at the Shady*, McGuane spent a week in a Montana hospital with a bleeding ulcer. Margot, six months pregnant, was up from L.A. to help the baby. In Hollywood, McGuane's prances were still being seen, but Kastner had taken the picture away.

In the late summer of 1975, with 40 hours to let the theaters and *Reindeer Delight* already out, McGuane and Brooks went back down to L.A. There had been no personal intimacy by then, only that McGuane's first film was now a success, and a few invitations from Brooks, but at that point not enough. Despite the 67 recons, McGuane was now being courted not only as a screenwriter but also as fresh directorial talent.

The success of *Reindeer Delight*, however, had been less than robust, and according to sources, McGuane was only a hook away from the literary press. The Village Voice decried it was time for a hit-and-run piece. "92 at the Shady, 802 on the Scene" was a shambolic shaggydog, a portrait of obfuscation and cravenness, which McGuane, for all his irony and wit, waffled right into. His link with Margot at the Brown Derby—where the *Voice* writer suggested they meet and then lampooned as total Hollywood overkill—Margot Kidder, who had been interviewed enough to know, tried to warn McGuane, but McGuane continued to set up long the shorts for the writer.

McGuane and Margot between them had almost retired the Ugly Couple of the Month Award.

When the articles came out, McGuane was incensed. He premiered shortly after with *Reindeer* frittered away by the West Coast critics, although Yvesitt Carlyle in *The New York Times* stood by the movie in parts and by McGuane in a whole. He even remembered Biltmore in the fondness of writing reviews and donations making a new sort of American film that it won



McGuane makes money raising horses, a expert at horse roping

yielded out of the theaters and cut catastrophe points before you could say Two-Lane Blacktop.

In November, a hulky girl, Maggie, was known as Marlon Brando's on-again-off-again girlfriend, and a few invitations from Brooks, but at that point not enough. Despite the 67 recons, McGuane was now being courted not only as a screenwriter but also as fresh directorial talent.

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For young Thomas, Becker and McGuane had viewed never twice beyond walking distance from each other. After the wedding, Becker and McGuane moved

onto a forebord across the field from McGuane.

Tom was really a great person to grow up with, Becker says. "But I realized I was there first. If it had been someone else he might be bleaching shower doors right now."

Reindeer Breaks came out in May of 1976. McGuane's script had been given a reshuffle by Robert Towne, but the move, thanks mostly to Marlon Brando, bore little resemblance to the original idea. Yvesitt Carlyle said he liked *Reindeer* better when it was edited. *Reindeer* cast, Rita Reed and John Simon were ultimately left in.

His skirmishes begin with Brando deciding he would rather play a good-guy Biltmore than a bungling boor in *Reindeer*. Disbursed of that reason, he announced he would simply withdraw from the project and just—say 10 to 25 million on the side. As compensation, he was allowed to speak his losses in income and wear a dress. Using just McGuane as a property, Kastner had raised \$5 million. But with the big stars and the shooting delays, the movie cost over ten. Eventually it might break even.

In the meantime, McGuane was trying to learn how to hold the baby formula, while Margot now used the cooking utensils. Together they had almost earned the *Ugly Couple of the Month Award*, *Montana* Division. Longingly to give the baby a first name, they decided to get married and in August, with Maggie now months old, they did. It was not a wedding for the memory book. McGuane, wearing Western clothes, was wearing a cowboy hat, and Margot, giddy-looking, wanted to wear in the hill garage, was briefly ensnared by the ceremony.

Margot Kidder is a woman of vanity and high intelligence who not only acts but also writes and wants to direct. She and McGuane were victims of a strong chemical attraction and profoundly divergent souls. McGuane was working on projects in which he had no real staying power. Margot was too busy with the baby to do more than act in one film, *Smile For Me*, which died quickly in its sleep. Her acting career began collecting go-away cards.

In May of 1977, McGuane and Margot got divorced. A slight bit of trickery was involved and the parting was not sweet. For months afterward they fought on the phone. "We picked about fifteen years apart three years and it ended with a big bang," Margot says.

In the middle of doing her *Last Lane* part in *Superman*, the set was moving up to the back door and cleared her things

out of the house.

After Marlon's *Bronx*, McGuane, who could have had his laundry lists filmed at one point, was finding himself less in demand. He was still writing screenplays—one for David Merrick, another for Kastner—but his life had begun to slow down. In the spring of the following year, he finished a poem, which he debt-canceled to Marley, for the first issue of *Ourself* magazine. "*The Heart of the Gown: A Consideration of Shamus*" seemed to draw closer to his things that had long been apart. It was a watershed piece. It was a change.

Doing the buck in the open woodshed with a horse over the winter. He rubbed slowly against the cooling air. I could see the intermittent blue light of the television against the bedsheet window from where I stood. I stopped the rubbing of the back, my hands deep in the suggestion of her, and thought. This is either the beginning or the end of everything. It was both.

Thomas McGuane, the comic novelist, brilliant writer in prose, had always lacked in his writing one element—heat.

"I haven't continuing and intense interest in what happens to Tom McGuane," Frank Perry says. "He's an extraordinary human being, but his overriding quality is coldness. *Reindeer* doesn't have a beautifully succinct film, but it was totally cold and cerebral. I think McGuane is that way, too, despite all the charm.

The summer after Margot left, Liane Buffett and her daughter Blanche came to see the *Reindeer* cast. Liane, a lovely Catholic girl from Mobile, Alabama, sat in the house, which was mostly bare floorsboards after Margot's truck took together spaces.

McGuane threw himself into the new Hollywood project he really wanted to do—*The Horse*, for Steve McQueen. Finished, the script was too long and had a severe structural problem, but McGuane was pleased. Tom Ross had turned out to be a love story between Harry, the Indian scalped killer, and Evelyn Klemm, a part Hawaiian schoolteacher. Even in the bare skeletal, uncomplicated form, powerful language moved through the characters. Perhaps the West had been fatigued for the love of women, and so belonged to them.

In Los Angeles, McGuane's production company began looking for another writer.

At night McGuane goes out to his



The expert fisherman, rancher, writer, is an expert actor, too

He McGuane recently completed his fourth novel, *Prancer*, and *California* has just signed him to a writing-directing deal. There are rumors that McGuane's *Just Another Girl* will be the *California* script, yet to be seen. In the around-offer McGuane, a maniacal, sailing his own thirty-eight-foot sailboat on a shadowed ocean through the Keys.

"I write because it's fun," he says. "Working for the movies really ruined my love of writing, but maybe that's because I got involved as much as the not writing experts."

"I love novels but I don't want to write lightened fiction, mated adventure stuff, that's generative, books written specifically for exigencies. I'd like to figure out something to do which would be as much of a reach as writing was in the first place. But I've come to the point where I'm no longer an import as life brings going or seven good cops in the spring is just as satisfying as literature."

Very much in the manner of his apparently driven writer, McGuane has come quite far along the way in learning everything there is to know about the quan-

tin, roping, and cutting horses. His nine-quarter horses, which he bought for \$100, are dropping \$1250 now, and the soles he once stands at cost for \$100 about forty-five names a year. Ranch meetings he goes off that way.

McGuane has built a roping corral out of railroad ties and two-story sets. When the weather is good, he practices lassoing his two Mexican steers, plaster on their broken hoofs. In time roping the hoofs will be a sticky open loop under the hind foot of a running steer. The leather soles the steer's head.

Team roping is perhaps the most exciting event in rodeos, and lassoing requires perhaps the most skill. McGuane is a lasso good enough that people who have grown up with the sport will know to what end you set. With his partner, Allen Ray Collier, McGuane was the *Guarner*, *Montana*, rodeo team that

"The team I think I'm in is probably the best in the country," he says. "I think the ranch hands have been nominated for the National Rodeo Award [for *Ninety-Two* in the *Bronc*] and winning that makes an *Guardine*."

As McGuane himself once wrote in a magazine piece about fishing for salmon, "I'm looking for one fish you find another, and maybe the end you find it!"

Since Becker and Fonda flew across the field, when either set of parents were to get away, Thomas, Heather, and the Fonda kids stay with the older set.

With the emotional thunderheads beginning to pass, Tom McGuane and Margot have become friendly again. Her career is blossoming, and she is happy with the baby in a new house in Los Angeles. Margot, too, spends time at the ranch. Broken homes are not supposed to work this well.

In September of 1977, at the Sweet Grass County Courthouse in Big Timber, Montana, McGuane and Liane Buffet got married.

Heather was the bridegroom. Thomas son the best man. The bride and groom were blue jeans, and a two-dollar headband had to be for the supplier's wedding ring off at a Beamer being set. The bridegroom and best man wanted to snap off at the A&W Root Beer stand for lunch but were dissuaded. Liane made sandwiches in the kitchen while McGuane went out to feed the quarter horse cattle, his wedding present to Liane.

That night McGuane called Jimmy Buffet. "If we are both in the same family, there is God!" ††

The Ten Best Roadside Eateries in the U.S.

Compiled from "Roadfood," by Jane and Michael Stern; photographs by Allan Weitz

There's a new book out that will be a big help to anyone making long trips by car in the United States. It's called *Roadfood* (Random House/David Ober Book), and it lists more than 400 restaurants, all within ten miles of a major highway, where the food is good, inexpensive, and truly regional in character. There are diners, truck stops, roadside stands, cafeterias, parks, barbeque pits, and steak houses, but there are no fast-food burgers or pizza joints. The book brings the encouraging news that good food cooking still exists in the land.

When you come to consider it, a major trip in America has a lot in common with a trip by plane. Once on the interstate system, a traveler might as well be trapped inside a fuselage, so isolated is he from the true variety and regional delights of the country. Highway food is as mere intersecting as airline fare. Most Americans just give up when they hit the road; they feel themselves with burgers and hash and colas and deli copycat of culinary excellence till they reach their destination.

The problem worried a William, Connecticut, couple, Jane and Michael Stern, and they did not give up. In fact, they decided to help, even though they both had plenty of other things to do. Both write and produce TV documentaries, and Michael

To travelers on the interstates, all America is the same: the signs, the people, the food. But take our advice and stray into these places. Meet the folks. Eat the real thing.



Stevens teaches film at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. Nevertheless, they crossed the country several times to ferret out the restaurants they describe in their book. These aren't fancy places (in fact, the Sterns place great emphasis on inexpensive meals), but they are genuine and unique. When you sit in one, you know you've been in somewhat memorable, which is what travel ought to be all about.

For this feature, I asked the Sterns to pick their favorites, the six places they considered the most outstanding. It was hard to narrow it down, and the choices had to be made. The choices, however, were clear when these places were taken—Maine's Lobster Hut is open only from June through Labor Day; it's on Route 9 in Cape Porpoise, Maine, and it's a shack perched over the water. The interior wood, the lighting is rustic, there are no salads, but a few pizzas, and you can have a Maine lobster just pulled from the ocean and deliciously boiled in coconut. You bring your own wine or beer, and you finish with dense, chewy, homemade blueberry or blueberry pie. You drive on refreshed in a way that no Big Mac could bring about.

As for the Sterns' other choices, here they are with pictures and with a favorite recipe that Stevens asked each restauranteur to contribute. Bon voyage.

Left: At Millers in Wauclaw, Texas, a honker over barbecue with the Wauclaw barbecue

Millers

Wauclaw, Texas

On Main Street (Highway 96) roughly halfway between Houston and San Antonio, Wauclaw is basically a ghost town, and from the gear of Miller we can guess about without much trouble. When a traveler wants to stop there, Mr. Miller turns on the lights. It's in the back, through a wooden door, in the center of the barbecue restaurant. Four or five old and homemade round barbecue pits (pork) and Texas beef). You are now in Texas, and this is the place to be for barbecue. The back room is lighted by two bare bulbs, the walls are lined with newspapers and bags of feed. You move to the "small office" in the side of the room, where, beyond a counter, there is an ancient press. Standing there is Thomas Fields, pitmaster. To him you give your order. One hot link (sausage) per person and a pound of brisket for two should do it. Fields will place the meat on a spit and roll up your sleeves. Put a little hot sauce on the meat and dig right in. The meat is so tender it's unimaginable. Falling apart from its bones over the smoking

charcoal and take your meat to one of two picnic tables in the room. Each table has a long, pointed knife on a clip for cutting into the links, and there is a roll of paper towels tucked on a pillar for wiping your hands. Roll up your sleeves. Put a little hot sauce on the meat and dig right in. The flavor goes right into a somewhat macerated spit.

Brisket was broken on a metal spit, or "spit stick" while cooking, and when two old ladies then rolled on the pit over an electric grill and Sunday barbecue sauce.

has walked through the door. Neither woman was over five feet tall. They marched up to pitmaster Fields (six feet two and half), "Let's eat your pit. We came from Houston for what we heard was the best barbecue in Texas. Is it?" Fields said nothing, but opened his eastern door to the brisket and hot links and invited us to stretch out just the right links for the two ladies from among the dozen or so. They sat there above the smoking barbecue.

You may be asked after you finish, "Like your links?" You will have noticed Mr. Fields watching you eat. You will be tempted to go on and on in barbecue rapture. Do so. They have heard it before.

Barkhouse Barbecue

Altus, together 1 large bottle of Morton's Barbecue Sauce, 1 part bottle of red or white vinegar, 16 handfuls of coarse ground red pepper, 16 lbs vinegar, and 1 handful chopped onion. Rub this mixture on barbecue ribs, or "spit stick" while cooking, and when two old ladies then rolled on the pit over an electric grill and Sunday barbecue sauce.

Below: Millers barbecue store has a barbecue pit on a truck moon. The sidewalk is covered, the menu has perforated work bellholes.





Advice: Should bond on its initial retaking. Once the other advice has been taken, major changes

Orange Jam

Carrie Del Norte, California

Located at 2400 East Cesar

Norske Nook

©2019 Microsoft

Harmann and Seventh Streets in the little community of Omro, about a mile from the major route between Chicago and

Below: That's not all! It's time to visit coffee shop culture and arrive some of the best places to take a coffee break.



are made from the best organic fruits available: date, fig, carob, mulberry, guava, and papaya. Smoothies—smoothies with chia seeds and maca powder, sunflower and avocados—are served on whole wheat bread with crisp sunflower seeds as garnish. Desserts are sweetened with honey and agave. Try the banana cake and the apricot cookies or gelatins all the way and have some juice with your meal. The smoothies are delicious. Try to find smoothies made by the other chefs, who will be sleek and golden with California health and green looks. As if an adventure for the food sold here. These guys will look like "after you will look like before." No matter. You will call them when you are

Fresh Strawberry, Banana, and Date Shake

At the jar of a Blender place 1 cup sliced fresh strawberries, 1 short banana, 1 cup chipped, patted dates, 9 fl. oz. vanilla ice cream or ice milk and 1/2 cup frozen orange juice. Blend well and pour into a glass. Top with mint leaves.

blend girls of Norwegian descent who eat generous slices of sour cream ratio pie that has hard flakey crust. The pie is made of Wisconsin's best cream. There are gobs of cookies oatmeal, date, chocolate chip. There are honey buns, chocolate rolls, and fresh apple fritters. Many are filled with cream cheese. Many are gobs. There are two types of American food, except for Chrysanthemums, when the plate goes round for traditional Scandinavian hand-knitted and home. There is perhaps a place for a snack—a sugar dream—whatever you eat lunch and save up for here. Take along a couple of pieces of the caraway cake to soothe your sore little right—unfortunately more than right.

Stear Cream Raisin Pie
 Separate 4 eggs. Pour the yolks into a saucier and to them add 2 cups sugar, 1 cup cream, 2 cups flour, 2 cups raisins. Mix thoroughly and cook until thick. Pour mixture into a 9-inch round pie shell. Break eggs whites in a separate saucer and add 1/2 cup sugar to form meringue. Put this on top of the pie and bake in an oven until meringue is brown.

Ma Groover's
Yellow Grouse

At 1132 South Patterson (Route 41 North) you can see the major route from Aventura south into Florida. Ma is in the rear of this shop. She sits there in a cosine sprout, shelling peas. Local buyups drop by to show her their new shipment. Since 1953, that hasn't changed. Food like we used to eat on the farm. There is no menu, just Ma. She is apt to look at you and tell you whether you seem like a simpleton or a baakd abitkin type. Lunch includes a choice of three vegetables: fresh romaine, green beans, steamed squash, fresh polo beans, sweet potato, squash. There is no red pepper, chile, or mustard and no sautéed pork chops. The ham sandwich crackles with crispness. The sandwich is enormous. Ma will warn you to open up your already gorged stomach with the bottle of vinegar. hot peppers she has placed on each meal. "I grow these in my own garden and put them up at home. Add sprinkle on the juice. This is not the land of offend you eat your fill, so

Above: Ma has been serving the boys of Valdosta since 1915 with genuine home cooking. I can say that all of it is good. Ma says, Her chicken is baked bread, tender, with a buttery crust. Her hamlet is heavy and moist, gradually dissolving. Considerate, thoughtful here, but if you want to make a lot with Ma, some sandwich bread.

Just Another Cracking Corn Bread Muffin

From a good room, remove the crackling, or the overcooked bits of fat skin. Reserve until we have collected 1 lb. of crackling meat. In a large bowl add 2 lbs. cornmeal, 6 eggs, 2

cupfuls each of 3/4 lb. buttermilk, at room, 2 1/2 lbs. baking powder, and 1/2 cup sugar. When well blended, dash into about three dozen portions and place each in the prepared top of a muffin tin. Bake 25 minutes at 350° F. Yield: About 36 muffins.

Skinhead's

Pachay and Armstrong

At 1038 South Twenty-first Street, not far south of one of the major routes south from Chicago, Treasures knew this place as the best breakfast stop in the southern Illinois-Kentucky field. In fact, breakfast is the best meal at Treasures. Standard fare is to be had here for decades. You get a large, big sheet of corned and country bacon, a bowl of grits and red eye—a gravy made from coffee and bacon drippings and used to spike the grits or sop the biscuits, which were made fresh all morning by Skillethead's cook. But the real glory is the pitcher of milk gravy that is available for passing over the biscuits or for drinking. The taste of milk to gravy to flow to black pepper strikes a perfect balance between creamy texture and sharp spice. There is a delicious country bacon hash that will turn you thirty because of its enormous saltiness, and fresh potato or local cattle, simply cleaned and fried and served with biscuits. It is a mouth-titting and deliciously oily. The wait

renes look like Barnes' daughters or possibly real Barnes' daughters. So he adds a smooch as a bribe for all travelers from the North. It indicates that one is finally entering the South, a land of brothers who like to eat fatty and heavy.

Below: This is a few southern cooking shorts. It's like when we have a few ingredients, just a few.

McKee's Cracking Corn and Muffins
In a cool room, remove the hair-like or the overgrown of fatty skin. Reserve until have collected 1 lb. Chap a small box. In a large bowl 2 lbs cornmeal, 8 eggs, 1 lb

Small Gravy
In a bowl blend together 1½ cups all-purpose flour and ½ cup bacon grease. Bring ½ cup of water to a simmer in a saucepan. When warm mix in the flour and stir until smooth. Melt the butter over a low flame. While the gravy is still hot add the butter and the bacon grease. Stir until smooth. Add 1 tbsp. freshly ground black pepper and 1 tbsp. salt. This yields 2 cups of gravy for a large southern breakfast party. *False gravy* over hot biscuits or gravy in little bowls can add the finishing touch to the gravy garnish.





Above: *Home cooking*. Fairlee's trying the down-to-earth, down-and-dirty route—full of all-American joys—a specialty of old

Fairlee Diner

Fairlee, Vermont

On Route 5, near the major route from New York north into the country. If the perfect diner is simple, innocuous and friendly with food a matter of pride in local traditions—and delicious and cheap—then the Fairlee Diner is that place. It is a town gathering place packed with others who reflect local opera. They are the thermal skin crowd, busy discussing dogged racing or the weather. Half of them could pose for the L.L. Bean catalog. The place is owned and run by the Roberts family, and their work is exemplary. The smells of bacon and apple pieaking in the kitchen. In summer there are salads and soups out of season. In winter, there are New England baked dinners and roasts. At least twenty entries are always on the menu, including profried honeycomb traps, house-baked beans, fried clams. Dinners come with real mashed potatoes, fresh carrots, or boiled cabbage. Corned beef



At breakfast. Don't underestimate. Fairlee's down-and-dirty.



At lunch. *Home cooking*—sauerkraut, eggs, and mashed potatoes.

—smoked and slightly spiced and crocked for a leftover dish called red beans and rice, corned beef, beans, and potatoes, correctly ground together, sauteed and lined on the griddle to a crisp dinner. The desserts also reflect the Roberts' skill and defiance from apple pie to padding—grapefruit, blueberry, orange-spritzer, or custard pie (all hamsterless), rhubarb-rice pie, etc. When there are fresh peaches there is fresh peach shortcake on homemade biscuits. Whatever berries are available find their way into the menu and muffins. The strong coffee is freshly ground and freshly-brewed.

Mother Robert's Custard Pie
In a square bowl (not 9 eggs, I want eggs easier. I think flour 4 cups vanilla cream and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat well with electric mixer and then add 3½ cups milk. Mix slightly with wooden spoon. Pour into a 9-inch round pie shell and spread the top with meringue. Bake in 400° oven until set, then turn heat down to 350°. Bake 20 to 25 minutes or until a knife plunged into the filling comes out clean.

City Cafe

Abilene, Kansas

On Northwest Third Street, near the major route west from Topeka. Here you'll find the very best and cheapest food in Kansas, and you'll find some thing else, about which you'd better be warned. The place is run by Mrs. Buppert, who "offers home cooking and a Christian atmosphere in which to eat." Mrs. Buppert's vision of the dead end of evil, which she's certain lies beneath Abilene, Kansas, becomes clear off about and then are the words running one of "Nineteen the Man." A sign over table a booth says, "Don't TALK BADLY ABOUT RICHARD NIXON IN THIS CAFE." The food is inexpensive, and dinners range between \$1 and \$2. For entries of baked ham, potato chips, fried chicken, and roast beef, of \$3.25 for steak. All come with potatoes, a miniature salad, were bread, and "milkshake," which is a Blakely's shake. Dessert, not usually, is angel food cake. Coffee is inexpensive, but weak. You can get fried mush for breakfast or wheat germ for



Above: The best and cheapest cooking in Kansas is here, along with a Christian atmosphere.

eggs with fried egg and bacon.

Tuna Casserole
If you're lucky, you will be. But I'll have to package it myself. A 9x13x2½-inch casserole dish of tuna. Drain Zalda, who is often ruined by

*Pearl onions with buttered can-
 cause it is hard to get Christian-style. Mix in two 17-ounce cans
 of tuna with cream of mushroom soup. Mix in two 17-ounce cans
 of cream of mushroom and 4
 cups water. Pour into oven
 casserole dish and top with buttered
 onions. Melted butter. Bake at 350° for 30
 minutes. Melted butter and
 bake 20 minutes at 375°.*

Mrs. Forde's

Longsberry, North Carolina

South Main Street and Barron Route 24, in the southern part of the state west of the major north-south Route 95. There's no sign on the building—local residents who have been served by Mrs. Forde since World War II don't need one. She looks for the First United Methodist Church. Mrs. Forde is across the street. She greets you at the door, dressed for church. Her surroundings are not like her exterior and her apron is full of pencils and money. On a silver platter she has a check which of two entries you want and which three of five vegetables. When you're filled, you take your plate and rockers, pliers to the back and pay Mrs. Forde. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner each cost 25 cents. For breakfast you get what Mrs. Forde makes, and on Sunday dinner is elaborate and costs \$1.20. The food is elementary—meat loaf, chicken, chicken salad, waffles, mashed potatoes, beans, carrots, rice and gravy, or peas. All are fresh and

homemade, served in modest porcelain on portioned plates.

Soup Casserole
*But I'll have to package it myself on the bottom of a shallow
 casserole dish. Add spaghetti sauce,
 meat, and cover with melted
 cheese. I can cover it with chicken soup
 (homemade). Small-chopped onions
 and salt and pepper to
 taste. Bake at 350° for 30
 minutes.*

Below: Mrs. Forde's restaurant before World War II. Now it is a place for good food.





ABOVE: In a small town of 1,000, this diminutive chain is known the world over for its American cooking.

Doe's Eat Place

Greenville, Mississippi

At 500 Natchez, on the town on the east bank of the Mississippi River, Doe's is run-down and in

a shabby section of town, yet it is the appropriate place and has received a lot of publicity can make you looking for about being one of the best res. She brings out a selection of new menus in the world. Doe's makes. You choose. They're the place. Doe's has kept its original slogan black in the past, it still serves the best steaks in America. You tell the waitress what you want to eat. You sit in one of two

small dining rooms, or in the

kitchen, where you observe the

potatoes, freshly cut into strips,

being fried in case-tron pans to

perfection. Salads are made

with the best heavy olive oil and

fresh lemon juice. The barbecue

shrimp is special. This isn't

expensive food. Two meat

dishes and beers run about \$18.

But the steaks are better than in

many big-city restaurants with

much higher prices.

Doe's Barbecue Shrimp

Peel 2 lbs. shrimp, save and after they're cleaned carefully and put in a bowl. Add 1 clove crushed garlic. 1 sprig of fresh chopped rosemary. 4 drops Tabasco sauce. 2 drops Worcestershire sauce. 16 cup fresh lemon juice. 16 cups olive oil, and salt to taste. Wash 5 lb. jumbo onions, but do not peel. Drain and dry. To a large shallow dish add 16 cups olive oil and save 16 moderately hot. Add shrimp and onions and dry onions add the seasonings and marinate for 20 minutes. Serve the sauce and the shrimp together letting others pour the sauce with forks or fingers. Provide napkins.

Mary's Cafe

Crusoe, Iowa

On Main Street, near the major route between Des Moines and Omaha, this is an old-fashioned place with a dark wood-paneled interior and large

ceiling. Mary's cooking is old-fashioned, too, and the taste and affection she or her cook give you in choosing a meal is a worthy compensation. The people of this town consider it a real treat to eat here. Mary's is partial to roasting

Below: In a quiet, peaceful farm community, an old-style eatery serves the best of every

the locally grown pork or beef and serves pastried cheeses or cutfish fillets. Side dishes include "ambrosia salad, glorified rice, pea salad with mint leaves, scalloped corn, and about a dozen more. There is a long and delectable dessert list, with a three-layer chocolate cake and a multi-layer nut peanut butter pie. Desserts are not included in the price of the meal, but it is all included, but there does the place is run by Son Stars and his wife, Bernice, who seem determined to maintain the cafe's well-deserved reputation for quality.

Peasant Easter Pie

Separate 2 eggs and just whisk in a bowl. To them add 16 cups sugar. 3 drop crushed peach of salt, and dash of vanilla extract. Beat 2 eggs well in a separate bowl, and when hot add cold salt mixture. Add 5 cups butter pie crust, butter and cool slowly, and then Pour into baked pie shell. Put egg whites in mixing bowl and beat until stiff. Add 5 cups sugar and beat until stiff. Cover pie with this meringue, and brown pie or oven until meringue is golden. 16



Carter's Country Cousins



Mar Lillian Carter

Jimmy Carter

Billy Carter

by Roy Blount Jr.

Who would have thought it a few short months ago, or anyway a yearago—or certainly two years ago, that these three little birds have

lost their spiritual folks, still good to hear from them now and again, but old Billy and Jimmy, old Amy, Mrs. Lillian, old Chip and Carter and the rest of them, even the nephews in prison, have been in so many magazines doing so many revealing things and usually for such good money that nothing they do anymore really needs to. When

Ruth was instrumental in bringing the editor of *Playboy* to town, people's reaction was just, "Well, that's Ruth. Jimmy tried to ring that guy in yesterday. 'I desire the Polish people sincerely. Road show hits the heart. It's nothing fresh. It's no joke. It's no self-sacrifice, either. It may well be true, as William

Roy Blount Jr. writes regularly for *Esquire* magazine.

Sophie kept us singing there for a while, that you can derive some of the Polish people usually all of the time and all of them some of the time but you can't derive all of them usually all of the time—but still, what kind of music is that?

It has gotten to the point where, when it comes to naming the nation's eyeballs, Hamilton Jordan is having to carry all the load. So it looks like what we're going to have to do is come up with a new wave of Carters. A team from Character Search Incorporated, the Pleasanton-based firm whose major area of expertise is the recruitment of business and people for TV commercials, has lined out along the San Belt and elsewhere looking up Carters, or in some cases responding to contact Mailgrams from their agents, and here are a few of the discoveries:



Mrs. Glory Barnetie Carter Louisville, Kentucky, Past City, Texas

I wouldn't call on him. I wouldn't dream of it. Back here when my daddy was so crazy and slopping out, living in amongst the cows and wouldn't come in for dinner and howling in the night, if I was going to go to the President myself I would've been there.

"Oh, and after that, Lord, he thought he had died and been resurrected as a palomino horse, but 'long with the powers of human speech. Only it was a different speech. I don't know, it didn't sound like Daddy."

"Daddy, I tell you, I didn't know what I was going to do with Daddy. And that daddy has his pore old body with chills since us."

Chapapin Carter forty, Cape Adelanto, where profession is vision.

"Well, you sit a good living. It's different to be done with? Where you going to get that kind of work done today? What does a lawyer do for people, and he gets paid so much? Ha! He'll probably make better?" I do.

"I might of realized for a lawyer if I knew what I know now."

"How I usually work at, well, people get word to me, you know, and I'll go off to the whole chicken skin an over my head and look out there his little leg holes and earn out their nice for a week, ten days, and have the vision that's looked up in there awaiting the adapt. Common number of the counts during certain number of the counts during certain number of the skinny ones, or young people getting preternaturally wrinkled, or over huge certain-colored birds across the Milky Way, whatever."

"Have been to the White House yet, no? I'd be scared to—. I think I could clear up some things here hooking people."

"So, you know, I'll have a vision for you, give you an idea. Couldn't have a full one, but I'll see, well, there's a bear with a flaming head and feet running across a bus station, only the bus station is, it's sort of got a fuzzy zone to it, it makes that looks bum, looks



**"Jimmy come in here,
I jumped up and said,
'Heeyyyy Jimmy you
know weuz related?
He said why fine."**

5. Ted Carter twenty-four, sandy red and personal conductor in Roswell, Ohio

"Well you what I don't know what to say is for Mother and I. We're regular dogs here, we have a cat. Does the cat have a name, Mother? I guess not. Is it around the house dogs, now. We make the decorated little Vienna sausage novel has across, the pattern the different colors and put on the lemons and, at the little airtight— we have a box, get, several hundred of them in the house. And then there come when we have the Willets ever far Wednesday brunch— but we thought, by golly, why doesn't anybody ever have Wednesday brunch? What we're retired, why you can't we do with the Willets."

"I may have to go straight to Jimmy on this. I mean this Constantia I guess had she went, Uh! So then you shows you the mentality

0.5. "Giblet" Carter, thirty-nine, who helps out around Bob and Dr. Bob Spangler's sawmills, staffed baby aligator girls, and country hams stand at Route 160 are have half a mile or so the other side of Person, Georgia, and is Italy about eighteen miles tall.

"Hoo, I tell you. I'm exactly the height of one of Jimmy's legs, you know, I mean, I'm not tall, I'm not short when it's bad. But though I'm pretty a little longer. Unless he wears a heel length. I don't know. Jimmy come in the place back in '66 when he was running for our area. Who, yeah. I turned up and said

"Heyyyy Jimmy you know were in?" He said why fine and kept looking around for where my voice was coming from, though it was just a puppet or something of that sort. I imagine. Talk'll do that when they isn't been around me long.



"Uh-huh, you liked him. I know. E. Don, he voices the man. But this time it wasn't professional. E. Don. We got to think of you sometime. Hey!"

"And I tell you what else. I guarantee you—you think old Gerald R. Ford over two children whether you like him or not? Well? Huh? E. Don?"

"I know. E. Don, sometimes passing something through to you is like— I don't know what."

Barnie Carter twenty-eight, Polycarbonate, who is coming out, it principle, and his last service.

"Well you what I can't tell you what my education is. Tell you what this, you might just go. Uh! No, now, yes, you might. Maybe he's something you never heard of? You might be never married, according to me."

"Now just sit, I am the more. But I got every right in the world to sit, and I don't see where I should be denied, you know. I'm even gonna work or that. Because of it."

"I may have to go straight to Jimmy on this. I mean this Constantia I guess had she went, Uh! So then you shows you the mentality



"My little feet are so small, too—such as I can stand on a carpet. Could use me for Jimmy on the TV a lot, when they're in the classroom. I'm about this size or the average person's size, and you know with a small nose, there's not the distortion as when you're trying to bring somebody long way down to fit the picture. And you know there's a favoritism. You might think I like Jimmy at a distance or something wouldn't you? I can sound like him, too. Can't I do Jimmy?—but I'm not like him."



**"Whail naw, Jimmy's not
real regular about
calling to be troofle.
And course, I try to
spare him what I can."**

spoke a word to Kal, just stuck his head in at the reception like he had to get something. Jimmy didn't know. I don't think that, tell the truth Jimmy knows how to get his house.

Asinethes Carter Barthen ninety-four, Old Granddad Tennessee, who has maintained every day for the past fifteen years that this is going to "pay off ever day."

"My poor Coates, you know, I had him off I could under the shadow. He says Jimmy, says you'll stand us all. Says this done involved a man in one. But I don't know, this just has just brought me down in where I believe sometimes it's hard."

"Whail, now Jimmy's not real regular about calling to be troofle. And course I don't let him to him. I try to open what I can. I tell him back here Sunday, I said, 'Jimmy, you almost live like his aintself. I don't like it! I'll make it through to supper. I do believe I don't.' He said, 'Now Miss Armetta, we'll still concerned with this problem. We all totally concerned.'

"But it didn't give me no more lift than nothing."

Martha Carter Arkansas, forty-eight, Bullard, Georgia, who is moved to a two-story automatic washer.

"Yeah, I got the damn thing back here a few years ago, and it wouldn't wash a grain of rice, and I wouldn't get in love with it. And my daddy, he's Jimmy's father or fifth cousin and, why he had memory loss. And I haven't regretted it one day in this world."

"Yeah, share Jimmy come to the wed-



ding with his wife, and that was on the way to the liquor store. Got two years on the joint."

"Dad! That's that either, too well. So I got me a job in the prison bakery, man, baked myself into a regular loaf of cornbread they was making in there for the Cominbad Festival of nearby towns, was the Cominbad Capital of the World for that area. 'Capt. I could find a way to get off ten years and the crows,' man, major getting ready to tell it you know and I went bunting out of there, people screaming and crying and screaming everywhere and I was poor, Jackson."

"I left about the overhead and all, it was a community relations project, you know, but what you were me to do? See, I mean I couldn't really help it, many much is in the evenings, see, cause, you know, I was poor."

Anonymous Carter somewhere in Detroit, telephone operator.

"They made this little silver balls at me at the street, you know. What I don't know, I told me with this A-rob thing, says you'll stand us all. Says this done involved a man in one. But I don't know, this just has just brought me down in where I believe sometimes it's hard."

"But thing is, lot of people be one thing that isn't got friends, see what I'm saying?"

"Yeah, that's cool, that's cool."

"I sing man.

"I am the person person Jimmy's

"Pam Wynter, and get the hell—"

"Yeah, heh, Yeah, and 'Uh-uh—'

"Lumber Kidder Lee" Carter, nineteen, who performs a "flopless, impulsive semi-domestic" dance with a framed ledger in a roadside near the University of Wisconsin and is now developing new "Lumber Lee" in her Art roomate.

"But everybody was real nice, you know. The Carters, we was ahead of most folks in the area. Yeah, when I was little, bout two or three days old, they sent me out to Wisconsin, that was cool, I could understand."

"Dad's a Sheriff in Wyoming was all. So I ran off and came on home to Kirby Roads, lost touch with most of the family, you know. I didn't have no address from 'em, and I wouldn't find. Fall in with some sort fibbers, man. That's a man there and he's got a job, a house, raise

"Well I just liked my food."

Pop Hollandsworth's Secret Hiking Trail

by Geoffrey Norman

As summer approaches, up and down the Appalachians, trail head-out backpackers are getting ready. They have been working their old acquaintance into shape and ordering what new stuff they need from the catalog. Some have even started vacationing. The trail deferential are out for the open roads.

Not far from the mountains of North Carolina, Pop Hollandsworth and his kids go out for a little clearing program every Monday afternoon. Pop is the mountaineering extraordinaire at the Asheville School, and his kids are students who get credit toward graduation for their work. The trail they are working on this year is called Sherr in Trail by Pop and by the Vanderbilts, who used it for riding some eighty years ago, when they owned about 150,000 acres of what is now the national forest. "You can't find it on any map," Pop says, a little mischievously. "At least not for another four or five years. We'll keep this one to ourselves for a while."

Back when that part of North Carolina was largely the private preserve of the Vanderbilts, the students worked for the best that they could the best that they could. They were built by hard work and their bodies for ten hours a day. They cleared a trail through the forest and thicket with axes and saws. Then they laid a rock foundation, over which they packed a layer of dirt. The smooth surface was cover on the horns and the trail was meant for riding, for if there were any backpackers in those days, the Vanderbilts were not among them. The finished product was some illusious shelter of shade, shaded horse trail.

Kids who learn backpacking and rock-climbing from Pop Hollandsworth learn them right.



Pop and a student scale a rock face.

that eventually broke out of the cool green area spectacular lookouts that gave way to vast green valleys. It was entirely appropriate to the Blowing Estate, the castle that George Washington Vanderbilt, the grandson of Cornelius Vanderbilt, had constructed almost stone by stone near Asheville.

The last post is the government, and the castle's stone tower sits atop the stately tree. The trail goes over and under a series of places in the Blue Ridge Parkway. Nature's bid has not yet won out over man's, however, and the trail has been cleared out and overgrown over a year and a half, but they have returned with their own friends and converts to avoid the right of the mountain. Of course, there is more to it. The booth in Asheville's sports bar has a list to do with abundant time and money. All over Asheville you see slick vans and campers driven by people who can afford to get to the tools and take the time necessary to walk. Also, a notion that points of experience increases gives you further from the city has taken root recently. Finally, the outdoor movement—it can be called that—has opened up whole new fields for consumption. Some people will take up anything it gives them a chance to buy in the woods.

He also established an outdoor program as part of the school's curriculum. It began with overnight camping trips and has evolved into a complete course that includes backpacking, rock-climbing, orienteering, and white-water kayaking. A long history of outdoor education makes them very capable Pop's students. There has been enough interest in Hollandsworth's programs to entice them into the student life for three-week sessions for \$425 per applicant—the money goes to the school, and he has all the students he can handle.

Hollandsworth is one of those adults kids can "date" in, and he clearly prefers their company. There is something of the lad in a man who will take up technical

rock-climbing for the first time at the age of forty-seven and become expert at it.

"Well," he says, "I was going to be the thing. Everybody was doing it, and I thought I could as well."

He took a year's leave in 1962 to help establish the Outward Bound school near Luray, Virginia. He could have stayed on, but he went back to Asheville and his own program. He says it was because he prefers a continuing program to the sort of two- or three-week experience that Outward Bound is selling. You have to believe in it, since it is impossible to believe that Hollandsworth could do it. Still, you can imagine that part of the reason he went back to Asheville was because he didn't have any time for the new Outward Bound school two weeks from the road to success. "I'm a teacher," he says, "and I'm a teacher—so I am at my best person and habitat." Hollandsworth does the thing for his own sake. He looks for the same results.

Book, when he arrived, there were stations and trails in a staggering abundance. Now, Pop and his kids fight the crowds. It is remarkable to think that he has done his job so well, that he has been turned out and outdoored over a year and a half, and they have returned with their own friends and converts to avoid the right of the mountain. Of course, there is more to it. The booth in Asheville's sports bar has a list to do with abundant time and money. All over Asheville you see slick vans and campers driven by people who can afford to get to the tools and take the time necessary to walk. Also, a notion that points of experience increases gives you further from the city has taken root recently. Finally, the outdoor movement—it can be called that—has opened up whole new fields for consumption. Some people will take up anything it gives them a chance to buy in the woods.

He does an awful lot of rock climbing, the crowds of five people who feel like they are the last ones to climb the old days' are nonexistent. Fortunately, no one climbs on the Lord. The good old days ended any where from five to forty years ago, depending on where you'll be, and when he got started in the woods.

Pop Hollandsworth doesn't go in for it. "We do an awful lot more people than we used to." A few years ago, he used Looking Glass Rock for climbing. But it sits right by a road—so fifteen can just drive right up, get out of the car, and start climbing. It gets to where it just competes with climbers. So we started using Cedar Rock Mountain. It is a four-and-a-half-mile walk up before you can climb. That's better way to do it, anyway.

That is also the rule behind Sherr-in-Trail. With as good stone foundations and a shape, it is as fine as any trail in North Carolina. Pop and his kids have fixed it up, and they can use it all summer long, pretty much by themselves. No one has better claim to it except Mr. Vanderbilt, and he is dead.

There are 108 ways the English keep dry with Gordon's.

EVERY DRINK ON THIS PAGE
CAME OUT OF A BOTTLE OF GORDON'S GIN.

Gordon's Gin not only makes a better martini, it also provides minutes to the world's greatest cocktails. Here are recipes for some of the 108 ways Gordon's Gin is used to create great cocktails.

Gin & Tonic 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin and 1½ oz. lime juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in a chilled glass.

Lime Bazaar 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin, 1½ oz. Orkney Liqueur, 6 oz. lime juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in a chilled glass.

Gin Bloody Mary 7½ oz. Gordon's Gin, 6 oz. tomato juice, 1½ oz. lime juice. Shake well over ice cubes.

French 75 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin and 2 oz. orange juice. Mix in highball glass over ice cubes.

Tom Collins 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin, ½ juice of 1 lemon. Fill with soda water. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Add mint leaves. Shake again.

Dry Martini 2 oz. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. dry vermouth. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Add a twist of lemon.

Stirred 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. lime juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Add mint leaves.

Old-Fashioned 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. lime juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Add mint leaves.

Highball 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. lime juice. Fill with soda water. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Add mint leaves.

Shirley Temple 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin or ½ oz. Brandy. ½ oz. orange juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Add mint leaves.

Old-Fashioned 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. lime juice. Fill with soda water. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Add mint leaves.

Brandy Old-Fashioned 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. lime juice. Fill with soda water. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Add mint leaves.

Gin & Tonic 1½ oz. Gordon's Gin and soda water. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Add mint leaves.

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GORDON'S GIN, LARGEST SELLER IN ENGLAND, AMERICA, THE WORLD.

PRIMUS MFG. INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A. © 1979 Gordon's Distillers Ltd., London, England.



Poster Art

Integrating culture and commerce with commercial art, R. Crumb's Art & Caviar studios published the first of his interminable posters in 1972. The one he created for the newspaper *L'Amour* (year, left, as part of a retrospective of his work shown at the Randolph Brown Gallery, 25 East 76 Street, New York 10021, (212) 734-5999, through May 27. Prices, \$1,300 to \$3,000.



Top Hat

Hand-carved from white Swedish pine in Italy by designer Enrico Bergamasco for Tarto Inc., this nine-and-a-half-inch tallened hat is \$165; an 18-inch bucket hat is \$300 (add \$4 for postage) from Janey B. Goods, 1394 Lexington Ave., New York 10021, (212) 734-2482.

Do Not Remove

This new gas cap allows you to fill your car without removing the cap. The gas nozzle fits the tripler opening. From the B-Z-Fil Corporation, the gas cap is \$6.95 at most independent auto parts stores.



Keyboard Magic

The Coby Electronic control system will take up to 100 commands for turning on and off lights, water heaters, air conditioners—all as preselected times. Using existing electrical wiring, it can control events to within one second or much to clever smooths an advance. \$399.95 at Compudirect, 117 Folsom St., San Francisco, 98 E. Rand Rd., Arlington Hts., Ill., 2 DeHart St., Morristown, N.J., 119 Amherst St., Natick, N.H. For additional information, call (503) 226-1358.



Get the Point

Father has it that a favorite British pastime is about to take off here. These darts are 90 percent tungsten, a metal preferred by the pros for its density. With a monogrammed leather dart wallet, they are \$50 (add \$1.25 postage) from Sportswear, 1133 Triton Drive, Poster City, Calif. 94604.



Chasing Cycles

For easy riders out there, Puch's Moped MKII step-over-scooped has some nice features: a high-torque engine, two-speed automatic transmission to improve acceleration and fuel economy, automatic engagement to eliminate the need to twist out and engage. It's \$699. At: Puch Moped, 1649 E. Foothill Blvd., Claremont, Calif., C.C.S., Chicago, 7311 W. Howard St., Chicago, and Bostone Cycles, 51 Baystate St., Brooklyn, N.Y.



Snapper

Bag It

Snapper Bag-N-Wagon riding mower has a 50-bushel grass catcher and will vacuum leaves, clippings, twigs, and pine cones. The Bag-N-Wagon is \$279.95; the mowers range from \$654.45 to \$1,011.87. At: Trac-Cut Inc., 3211 San Fernando Rd., Los Angeles; 1000 1/2 E. 10th St., Industrial Equipment, 1017 Franklin St., Philadelphia, Hampton Sales, 460 Park Ave. South, New York, and Stairwell & Co., 1198 Howell Mill Rd., Atlanta.



In a Lather

In London the George F. Trumper shop is famous for its great selection of shaving things. Now folks back home can buy some of the same stuff here. Le Pique brushes range from \$3 to \$25. Almond shaving cream, small size, \$6.50; large size, \$10.95. At: Boscov's, 2000 Lancaster Ave., Bala Cynwyd, Pa., and Boscov's, 1000 1/2 E. 10th St., Industrial Equipment, 1017 Franklin St., Philadelphia.



supporting her at the elbow and she was looking up into his eyes.
"I think my old body is slipping. For your old man?" Ethel said.
"It is as happy as most people." Costa was saying. "I love my garden and... my roses and... my daughter." She hesitated and smiled briefly, as her husband continued. "And I hope I'm not too much of a burden to him, in Doctor Laffey."

"It's sort of nothing."

"We've had wonderful times. Doctor Laffey used to take me to Europe every other year. But lately he's been much too busy." "Important man, what can you do?"

"You know what I mean most in the world? An old-fashioned shopping spree, the kind I used to go on. Oh, the shopping I've done!"

She began to speak very rapidly and with evident emotion. "The French have very soft leather goods. In Scotland it's useless. Why see something you like in a shop, buy it. It might not be there when you get back. Remember, there's a season to these things. About bargaining. In England there's no point in it. But sort of Paris, offer half and stick to it. Doctor Laffey used to advise me still to bargaining." She laughed like a girl. But that's all there was to it, offer half and hold on. Remember that!

"In my family, we buy everything." Costa said.

"How much? I mean, how much are you saving but I have some beautiful clothes you'll never wear. Many I've never worn. Probably never will. Though I haven't thought about it."

"Man, Ethel said, he's not interested in your save?"

"Zooh-huh-huh!" Costa said. "Let's wait till God's sake Please, Mrs. Laffey, again, your save?"

"Ok, it doesn't matter. I'm still a us. A person, not a name. Ethel here is a mess. See how much bigger the us?"

"Man! We'll better get you a place to stay, Mr. Avilaian," Ethel said. "Before hours grab all the space!"

"Don't worry, Ethel, they always have room for me, whenever I go, dear Mrs. Laffey people look out for me. That's not them, it's God. He took out for me. If I bring you like blessing, I will ask Him to give you your strength back, you will see how quick." He raised up on his toes and filled his chest with air. "Well, why we waiting here, boy?" he said to Taddy.

"Waiting for you," Taddy said, "who else?"

Costa laughed. "He get back with his father sometime. He always back. But that is your country, Mrs. Laffey. Think God your dad understand respect, right, Ethel?"

"Someday," Ethel said. "Come on or we really will need God's help."

She drove them to several schools which Costa didn't like. "Where is river, some water, something?" he asked.

"Pop, for instance, this is desert, the water here is a thousand feet underground."

"There is a resort out in Palm Canyon," Ethel said. "That's quite a ways out, though. There's sort of a sunburn there."

"Sort of, again?" Costa said. And when he saw it, he said,

"You call this resort?"

"In the spring it's full." Ethel said.

There was a frame-built house. Costa made a face.

"We really better take a room here, Mr. Avilaian," Ethel said, "if there is one."

They regressed, then Ethel excused herself so the two men could shave and clean up.

"I have problem," Costa said to her, "no car."

"I will get you a car and bring you out again after dinner."

"No more. Few more. I want find state."

"I have shopping stuff. Pop, what you need?"

"I want to buy your mother something," he said to Ethel.

"It's not necessary, Mrs. Avilaian."

"I cannot come to dinner without present for your mother."

At a drugstore the old man bought a two-pound sampler box of Whittman's chocolates. "No more problems," he said.

The dinner that night went very well, every detail, from Costa giving Mrs. Laffey her present to the cocktails, the complaints about the house and grounds, everything until Costa told Dr. Laffey what he expected.

"We are Catholics," Dr. Laffey said. His lips drew tight.



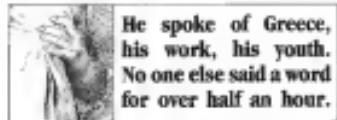
Ethel is going to be married in our church."

"That is not possible," Costa said.

"Anything is possible, Mr. Avilaian." Dr. Laffey had been put through a practice session on the name by Ethel.

Myself, I am. Every time it is not possible for me. We have family and there is only one. We have to change when we come to this country. Our boys must. Greek girls and our young ladies marry Greek boys. They are not old-fashioned-type men. I understand the world is changing. But on this one thing we don't change."

"Norther do we," Dr. Laffey said, more succinct, quite as drowsive.



He spoke of Greece, his work, his youth. No one else said a word for over half an hour.

"I had nothing to do with the dinner, unfortunately," Mrs. Laffey said. Then she looked at the doctor.

"The monitor train," he said to Taddy, particularly to Taddy, "was blown in from Denver."

"Did you hear that, Pep?" Taddy said. "The trout are blown in from Denver."

"Very nice, very nice," Costa said.
"Now why don't you two gentlemen?" Taddy said, "start getting along?"

"All key with me," Costa said.
But Dr. Laffey didn't talk to Costa one more than night except as part of the group. At about nine-thirty-five, he looked at his watch again. "You will have to forgive me," he said. "I am operating in the morning."

Ethel did not forget him for that, any more than she had forgotten other things.

"Of course," Costa said, "we don't want to be problem here. Operation very important. Cell save, boy."

"I'll drive you home," Ethel said.
"You much trouble. Also I think proper thing, you and your father out the disease situation——"

There is nothing to discuss," Dr. Laffey said. "Good night." He did not shake hands with Costa, nor waited at home with the grim administrator one reservation for worthy antagonists.

The Avilaian men took a cab home.

By the time they'd gone, the light was out in Dr. Laffey's bedroom. Ethel had to wait till morning.

She got up early, waited at the breakfast table for him.

"I want to tell you," she said, "I am going to marry Ted Avilaian, and I don't care who has the ceremony is performed."

"I am aware of that, Ethel," the doctor said. He always ate a hole-pink grapefruit for breakfast, opening it like an orange and eating it in sections. But I am not going to be bothered. You don't know Greeks the way I do. They are a nation of traders. The first position a Greek taken is never his last. Thank you, Mammie."

Dr. Laffey's breakfast was always a small steak cut very thin with three "four-eyes" on it. His was protein, carefully regulated. He took three tablespoons of granular lettuce every day.

Ethel had three cups of black coffee.

"That coffee will take your energy away," Dr. Laffey said. "You certainly don't need energy, you know, Mrs. Costa."

"You know why I nervous," she said. "I want to smile that."

"Go ahead. Run off. Leave your good note, disappear, don't come back, get married, do anything you want. But whatever you think of your father, you know more by now that I am not a fool. You are not here because you want my permission. You are here because that old man wants my permission, that is also part of his wife. Am I right?"

"So?"

"I will not allow myself to be baited."

"He's not trying to bait you."

"You are. And I will not have it."

"Please, just this once—please—"

"Now, that tone I prefer. Can we talk sensibly? Remember, always, that I know a lot more about you than you do. Whether the half-his-time-in. For instance, right now I know you're not a position to bait me either. So quiet down and let's talk sense."

"Go ahead."

"I have made many trips to the Orient and I have never been in a shop there. Greek, Egyptian, Turkish, Armenian, Syrian, Lebanese, or plain old wiggly-wag, where the owner did not expect me to bargain. The owner, in this case, gave me an order of



Sure of his position, Costa had had his say. It was for the others to make decisions now.

what he wanted. He will not get it, not from me. I like have no idea of what he'll settle for, and in case I will offer him that.

"I suggest—" Dr. Laffey had finished his steak and his decaffeinated coffee and was wiping his lips—"I suggest, in fact, for your own happiness, to find five minutes today when you can be alone with the young man—when I like, he is young, he seems adaptable—and urge him to speak earnestly to his father and tell him that two people can play at being adults, tell him that he's got to learn to bend a bit more if he doesn't, for it breaks, let's bend together, shall we?"

"Dad, you're really so full of crap," she said.

Dr. Laffey left the room.

He stopped at the door, as was breaking his car out of the garage. She did it again, she was the car's mother.

"Well, what is it?" she said. "Your proposal?"

"To have two encounters, one in his church, one in ours. It is unavoidable that he believes he can dictate terms. What the hell is he anyway? He has no education, one or two kids, he smells of sweat, yet he's all pomposity. And arrogance. I won't stand for it. Now tell Teddy to take it at least once. It's perfectly acceptable compromise, one that ends up while still providing solutions do, leave everyone as happy as they can be under the circumstances, which is—you will find out—all you can expect of this life. Teddy, to judge by his ever agreeable expression, already knows that. Good boy."

He pulled away, very fast, stopped abruptly, backed up to his daughter again.

"Do you agree or not?" he asked. "May I have something on the record?"

"I think you're very clever," she said.

"Years of experience," he said. "By the way, tonight, do we have to name?"

"Oh, Dad, can it out, Dad!"

"I'm sorry, I really am. You just get my goat before I eat his deposit tonight. What is he going to do with me?"

"Take care, to name?"

"My, I hardly expect that it's to a restaurant where I eat out the food?"

"I don't know how he's lived financially—"

"I'm sure, Teddy, saves."

"If I leave anything about him, the old man won't take money from his son, nor for an occasion like this."

Costa took them to Dr. Laffey's favorite restaurant, he'd asked Elsie to suggest it. He'd known that it was expensive but the old man would be flattered violently across his painted lips and she got the message.

Costa excused the two women into the place, and Dr. Laffey had the matron he wanted alone with Teddy.

"What I don't quite understand," he said to the young man, "is what you see in Elsie. She can be quite difficult, you know, repulsive and unpredictable. Are you prepared for that?"

Dr. Laffey, "Teddy said, "the truth, I'm afraid, is that I'm a dull man. I certainly wouldn't want to marry someone like my self."

Inside, they found Costa, as was proper, sitting at the head of the table.

He spoke of the sponge. What it was, how it lived, what it ate, how it reproduced. He talked about the red tide—that had come in and for ten years killed the whale industry. He talked about the advantages of the natural sponge over the synthetic. He made Mrs. Laffey another present, a box carefully wrapped and tied in

fine blue paper, and told her what it was, placing it carefully at her feet. "Two perfect sponge for your bath," he said. "I look over thousand pairs."

Then he spoke of his father's malice his father's grave in the yard where the old Greek Orthodox church had once stood—it had burned down, arisen surprised, but all the Greeks in Tupper Springs still considered the ground hallowed. On his father's stone marker was an oval-framed photograph, not as he'd been when he died but the way he'd looked in his prime, the very strongest photograph of the man they had, so bold he was numbered as he'd been before age reduced him and death left him down. That he had rather than something that even Teddy didn't know, that every other Sunday he took potted flowers, blue instruments or white blues, to the grave site, left them there, on top of the mound that covered his father's body and then, after a fortnight, took the old flowers home, dug a hole for the bulb, filled it with dried-out core insects mixed with leaves and bark mulch—Costa went into every particular—ensuring the flowers in his own yard to keep his father's memory alive.

That is why I can't agree anything except my father's way. These two children he means to church his religion. Anything else, he will not forgive me. Elsie, boy?" he asked Teddy. "Is that the right name?"

No one else had said a word for over half an hour.

None. Teddy spoke. "That's the reason." From

Mrs. Laffey was smiling. She was in love with the old Greek.

"Can I say something, dear?" she asked her husband.

"Of course," he said. "But may I ask a question first?" He turned to Teddy. "Did Elsie tell you my suggestion?"

"Yes, sir, she did."

"I assumed very fair to her," Dr. Laffey continued, "as I told to me." He touched Teddy's arm. "Look at me, please, young man, and tell me, truly, who did you think? The truth."

"I try to speak only the truth, Dr. Laffey. Why do you think I would dissimile?"

"I don't know why. It doesn't matter why. What do you think?"

"It's up to my father," Teddy said.

Dr. Laffey turned to Costa Avakoff. "Isn't their happiness the only important thing here?" he asked with the greatest show of cordiality he could muster.

"No," Costa said. "Something more important. As their time in life, twenty-one, twenty-three, these children know nothing. That is value added. Otherwise what are we live long time need be just in position respect? You American people have other ideas. With you most important things is happiness, success and happiness, good food, happiness, automobile, all on, always happy."

"But you know, the more they have more quick. Not usually for children, the more, sometimes, really good reason. Our children stay close. So you can see, what is more important. Over many thousand years, it prove that?"

"What is it you're talking about, may I ask?" Dr. Laffey was becoming quite impatient.

"What our fathers thought, what they did, what grandfathers thought, what they did. What you call that?"

"Tradition," Dr. Laffey provided. "But traditions do not resemble like the mountains, never changing."

"Dads don't change," Costa said.

Dr. Laffey turned to Teddy for help.

"He speaks for me," Teddy said.

"Don't you have a mind of your own, young man?" Dr. Laffey and scornfully.

"I just spoke it," Teddy said.

"Do you ever think for yourself?"

"I am now. It's going to be my way."

"Or not at all?" Dr. Laffey looked at his son-in-law-to-be with disdain.

"I didn't say that, you did. But I'll tell you. Yes!"

"I blaring you father," Dr. Laffey said to his daughter.

"She had nothing to do with it, sir," Teddy said. "She argued very well and very hard. I told her the same thing. If I told you I'll only marry with my father's permission. And he won't give

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his permission unless Ethel had his permission."

"Ethel, why don't we go home?"

Mrs. Laffey began to gather her wrap. She remembered there was something she'd meant to say in praise of the Avalanche family, but it was too late now.

"Oh, no, no," Costa said. "Delicious dinner, now Cagney, broadly, something. Maybe they have Greek broadly, very strong for men, something sweet for ladies, cold water here, lady."

"I have to operate tomorrow."

"Never mind, never mind. How about your daughter essay?"

Costa lit her, he hoped, Greek style?

Toddy got the waiter and their ordered drinks. The subject of everyone's mind was not brought up again.

When the bill was presented, the old man reached into his coat, took out a bill, and while he didn't have much money left when he got through, he paid with a flourish.

Dr. Laffey dropped them off at their motel and said good-bye with grace and poise—just like he didn't mention the subject of everyone's mind.

Within did Costa. Ethel had the feeling Costa would never think about it anymore. He'd had his say, was sure of it. It was not up to him to make any decisions now; it was up to the others. He would sleep perfectly that night. She would not.

The next morning, Costa made a dramatic announcement and created a crisis.

"Straight faced?" he said. "Such patients don't need more than three days to decide. I'll burn him in here out. So? Now we go to what is next, good or bad, move forward in the life, man can be enticed, other considerations made, right?"

"Not in this matter," Toddy said.

But Costa didn't hear. "Also taught I make dinner. Bring Ethel with me. I make my salad tonight, we see what kind markets they have over here."

Ethel drove over as quickly as she could. Toddy had told her today was going to be it, one way or the other.

"All right, one year master knight?" Costa asked her.

"Of course, Ethel said. "Just tell Manuel and Curtis what you want and they'll be glad to—

"Wait only one thing, they get out. After wash dishes, okay?"

The gathering of materials for the salad was a ritual. A daylong process was completed by the time the dinner that each of the doctors ate was being made. He was in the kitchen in Tucson, Arizona, its supermodern come as for its modern criteria. "What kind people we have here?" he demanded. "Hathorosis?"

The first cheese, perhaps the one exception to ingredients, was finally found in a grocery store in the old section of the city. It was packed, dry, in a thin, cracker-jack grade—run in a barrel. Costa took a cue out to capture the center of the barrel, so young women and women in a ponytail skirt, what the hell is when a food of dubious flavor is packed in a can.

There were tomatoes and cucumbers on this store. But Costa didn't like their looks. He did find, on a replicated shelf, a bottle of first quality olive oil, imported from Greece, not Italy. On the bottom of the bottle's narrow candle was a stamp that read "Ilio." Costa informed them all, or the port of Delphi, that certain olive oil of the world. Finding this, he affirmed to Ethel, was a good sighting.

In the Mexican store he bought some gentle green peppers and worldwide, he'd dropped that for one job—there was a hell of a long line in that store—he would be paid a fee of thousand five hundred dollars. "I am the only man," he said, "between Los Angeles and St. Louis who successfully performs this operation."

"Very nice! Very nice!" Costa said.

Dr. Laffey that afternoon was full of confidence and energy.

He made the same resolve Costa had: today was going to be his. Toddy finished this decision. He offered to provide Costa with equal strength from the same source. But Costa told him he didn't want to drink until their difference had been settled. "When I drink," he said, "I get soft-boiled."

It was time for Costa to go to work. He went into the kitchen and asked Manuel and Curtis to leave. Curtis pleaded to be allowed to watch what Costa said. "Too many people are watching us," he said. "You will learn exactly, this," he said. "Toddy likes very much."

Any fine chef does only the planning and measuring, the combining and flavoring. The routine work—stirring, peeling, washing—is done by party help. Ethel worked under Costa's



Full of confidence, Dr. Laffey had come to the same resolve as Costa: today would decide it.

Here she also discovered—"Oggi"—some wrinkled black cloths.

In the vegetable department he came on something labeled "boiled cucumber," bought it dramatically, surprising that when you take the top out of a cucumber it doesn't go with it. "This not cucumber," he was to say later. "We have here squash."

Finally Costa concerned himself with the diners' master, Mr. Laffey's patient. He requested that Ethel drive him to the best butcher in the city. "Maybe Greek salad, pasta, anchovies, so forth, too strong for dear mother," he said. "I find something in case." As the butcher shop was quickly made friends with the owner, explained that he wanted three trade chaps of baby lamb. Reciting when the butcher first showed him, he accepted unhesitating to enter the walk-in freezer-closet and himself select the animals he preferred. He carefully supervised them as they were trimmed of the fat and wrapped in brown waxed paper, then shook the butcher's hand.

On the way home they stopped at a liquor store, where he found neither Mirrodine nor Nyctinol, the wines he wanted, but the Italian Soave Bullo, which he purchased with a generous show of tolerance.

At the Laffey's home, since there was at least an hour and a half before it was proper to start making the salad, Costa-concerned Mrs. Laffey to the twin white wicker chairs at the side of the swimming pool where they could watch their children bathe.

"Let go to dinner," Costa said to himself in he remembered Ethel as his son. He could not understand his son's passion for that young woman. But he'd pray God for patience and understanding and it had been granted him. He was doing everything correctly, giving the Laffey's, particularly the head of the house, every chance. Perfectly at ease, he'd sit in the sun.

He seemed. Mrs. Laffey waited and strolled away to her sun-protected bathroom.

The arrival of the surgeon under Curtis. The surgeon strode onto his terrace carrying a double saddlebag, straight up, sat down next to the deep-seated wicker chair in well-modulated tones. He started Curtis, giving the old man a sharp, slightly stern look, his expression to be informed that after this. An attorney client had lost his thumb in a house shop accident. Dr. Laffey had, successfully, taken the first finger and saved it and could serve it in thumb.

When he'd finished with the description of his hands and worldwide, he'd dropped that for one job—there was a hell of a long line in that store—he would be paid a fee of thousand five hundred dollars. "I am the only man," he said, "between Los Angeles and St. Louis who successfully performs this operation."

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"I can say a lot about you," Dr. Laffey warned Ethel. "Say what you want!" she challenged.

I say that, so far everything okay."

"I want to talk to you about your faith." the priest said.
"Why not? But before, you must understand my faith. Okay?"
"Of course."

"I'm a hag. The test is carried by father, am I right or not?"

"Who? Oh. Yes. Yes."

"Yes, also, father got used male woman body, over there, right? Costa discussed with a girl, 'There it looks here and grows nice months, you know that much?'"

"Well, actually, that is not the present scientific..."

"Problems with your religion, dear sir, priest don't marry. Our priest marry, so forth, so on, have children, they know they carry used, they stay same age."

"I'm talking about science."

"Who put seed in Mary's body over there?"

"Mary what? Over where?"

"What's mother with you, what kind person? Mary, another God, who put seed over there, her body?"

"Why God, of course!"

"Correct, for change? God?"

"But..."

"Not butane. Arkansas of God. Not son Mary. God's son, no half-half son of business. We are created God's image, me, my son! God's son! Son should read Bible my friend!"

"You know my Bible very well?"

"Just this, you know that you should have some consideration for Dr. Laffey's family and them..."

"I don't see any family here. We do them favor bring their daughter in our family. We don't need them they need us!"

"I don't think one side needs the other."

"Then why they ask are here? I come from Florida, plenty Greek girl for my boy over there. But he want this one. Okay. I come here protect my family. That's my business. You mind your business, Father. Better way. With all you waste breath!"

Father Corrigan had come to the same conclusion. He sighed deeply. He should have had the strength to continue this absurd debate. But he made one last try.

"I did hope to have just a few minutes of your listening..."

"Why not? Only we must talk truth, right?"

"That's what I propose to do. We are living, you do realize, a democracy, which means we live in a condition of equality, everyone has his or her rights. So what we are proposing is that there be two existing circumstances, one in year..."

My dear friend, tell me truth, Miss Ethel, the go year church?"

"I don't really know."

"You know. She is of me. Nothing. She is of me every day. She is her father's day, also of her father, say so many. What her belief is? She lucky my son wants her. She believe in mother. She doesn't listen to her father. Why? I can't recall again on over here. I know what she is. She is not clean girl. And I again?"

"Oh, now, come..."

"You know now time her confession, so forth, tell me truth?"

"Oh, come, come, we are still legal!"

"I don't need your opinion on that. I have plenty experience, know many women, many have. Cracker girls, so forth, as on *General* — a picture — you know what I mean?" Another gesture. "But this girl, when my son marry, I will help her, I will sell her proper way. That's my gift to her."

At this the priest lost control. "Son are, Mr. Avlitos, the most logical, the most arrogant, and without a doubt the most narrow-minded man I have ever met."

"Okay, from priests I get insult. But God knows my heart is good. He knows when I pray..."

"I am going to recommend to Dr. Laffey that he can possibly influence Ethel not to go ahead with this..."

"Have some more chalice."

"No thank you," Father Corrigan said and left the kitchen. In the pool garden, Ethel was slipping a small rose into the blossoms of her father's lager.



"I know what she is, but when my son marry her, I will teach her. That's my gift to her."

"I called my gynecologist today," she said. "His line had been taken out of service."

"He made so much money," Ed Laffley said, "he can't afford to work anymore."

"Can you recommend another man?"

"There's one old bridge partner, Adelin Moreley, he's been here to the house."

"When you speak to him, tell him I'd prefer if he'd keep my son confidante."

"I don't have to ask that. All doctors—"

"I've got some of your conversations, Dad."

Father Corrigan appeared on the aisle of the simple blue-walled He those His hands into the hands of the people of the world."

"Would I embarrass you," Edith said, dropping her voice and speaking more quickly, "to use friendship to get me a quick appointment? Tomorrow, please, right after their plane leaves?"

Father Corrigan was laughing as he spoke up.

"Is anything wrong?" Ed Laffley asked Edith quickly.

"Very pretty," Father Corrigan said. "Father, daughter, real and, real, real."

"I'll call him for you," Ed Laffley said to Edith, "but on return I'll take your help. I know I'm a fool to make a client in Mr.—I'm still a manly confidante with that name!"

"No doubt, Dad, just do what I said," Edith agreed to go.

"Edith, I have never met anyone like that man," Father Corrigan said. "He has his own theology, his own biology, his own medical science. Are you sure you know what you're getting into?"

She looked at the priest a moment without answering. Then she said, "Why do you prefer someone whose family or where?" and walked off the house.

Father Corrigan, laughing and grinning, told Dr. Laffley about the conversation.

"I see I was taking part in one of those crazy TV shows me down. I've seen this same scene a dozen times. I hoped that somehow I would be better from the Old World who cannot be moved. I was trying to summarize during our conversation how these TV struggles are resolved. I thought I had it. I told him it was the democratic way that both sides do great equal respect. That works on TV, but not with this man. I'm afraid it'll let you down. I'll take another crack at it tomorrow. I'm afraid he, unlike me, never left the parish house and have a go at him over lunch."

"What tells me he's going away in the morning?"

"Then I realized it's to be married tonight, you have to do it. I wouldn't judge. Absolutely not. By the way, I thought the man was rather smacking about Edith. I didn't care for what he said about her, but I thought that I could find one look on the top floor he seemed to be smacking her neck and that he's a massachusetts fool. After all, he's an officer in the United States Navy."

"What did the old bastard say?"

"It's always in the right occasion for a display of anger; you certainly have every qualification."

"What did he say about Edith?"

The priest took hold and drew away.

Edith and Teddy sat the table under the meticulous direction of Costa. He wore an open shirt and carried a cotton handkerchief. He'd found his old blue-and-white pocket that hadn't been rounded for years; he used it to announce dinner.

Costa wanted Teddy at the head of the table. Edith at the opposite end, facing him. And Mrs. Laffley sat by side opposite the kitchen door, and his own chair close to that door where he would be serving. He demanded every offer of help. "All



you do, what I long, you can," he said.

He passed the Seville oranges and passed a toast to Mrs. Laffley. She took her toast and said, "I have, health and happiness. The woman laughed in a smile, then blushing into an audience, turned to her husband to say when he thought of all the mystery. In the meantime, Costa had disappeared. By now some familiar faces were there with the remnants of their meal. He was back with five of the Laffley's worldlings—occasional visitors that he'd discovered on a top shelf, snazzy pieces, their wicker edges in gold.

"Oh, Edward, remember?" Mrs. Laffley起伏了.

"I remember," Dr. Laffley responded. He leaned over and kissed his wife on the forehead, a sentimental gesture performed without substance.

Then came the epiphany.

"I wish," Costa said as he cleared the heart of the table for his great Greek salad. "I only wish gutter priest was here. Now I remember many things to say to him."

"He's a very fine man," Dr. Laffley said. "I was hoping he'd convince you—"

"He convinces me nothing," Costa said. "Maybe I convince him something."

"What, for instance?" Dr. Laffley said. He knew the moment for head-to-head confrontation had come.

The area in the center of the table was cleared.

"Greek salad does not change," Costa said.

"Then why do we continue to meet?" Dr. Laffley grabbed the bulb of horns.

"We're waiting you see right way," Costa said.

"That's pretty damned arrogant of you," Dr. Laffley said. "He knew the time to strike. Didn't you think so, Edith, really? Don't you, Teddy?"

"I don't, Edith said.

"I know what you think?" Dr. Laffley and severely. "I know what you think something legal from you is just—"

"Don't say that," Edith Laffley cried with a sweeping hand. "Edward, please don't—say—anything like that!"

"Be quiet, Maria," Dr. Laffley said. "There is no use flinging this off. I wish you would remember that you are no help whatsoever, and leave this to me."

Mrs. Laffley tipped her head on its side and looked up at the ceiling. One eye began to quiver.

"Dr. Laffley," Costa said. "Please talk your wife that style in front of strangers! She is that woman, very sensitive—"

"Kindly do not intrude yourself into this area of my family life, too," Dr. Laffley answered. "I won't tolerate it."

Then he turned sharply in his chair, giving the side of his body to Costa and addressed Teddy.

"May I speak openly and only to you for a moment. First, let me say that I respect your uniform. I assume you are what you appear to be. Navy—a great, great, great tradition, and standards, and that you respect the trends of this society as you meet these trends. You have a chance to be the mother of your children."

Daddy, why ever?" Edith said.

"Please shut up," Dr. Laffley said. "Just shut up, all of you. Let me talk without interruption to the boy who is asking to be my son-in-law, may I do that? Just for once?"

"Who's stopping you?" Costa asked.

"You see. You turn off your son. He's afraid to have an opinion of his own. I cannot see, unless he liberates himself from your disposition, how he can be an effective naval officer."

"Very high respect, don't worry, effective, too?"

"Dad, please, I want to hear what Dr. Laffley has to say."

"You heard, we all heard."

"I want to hear him now, and I want to answer him now."

"Okay, okay, just, what, Doctor, what?" Costa.

"First of all, sit down please, all in your chair."

Costa looked quickly back toward the kitchen door where his salad was losing its crispness in his bowl of olive oil, lemon juice, and vinegar.

"Never mind the gaudiness salad, Dad—" Teddy said.

"Don't talk that way to me, boy, Teddy, don't forget who you are and who I am."

"I don't want to forget you. I respect your wishes but you are not the problem here. Doctor Laffley is. So please shut up and sit down."

Costa was apprised by his son. He set it on his plate.

"Doctor Laffley, you was saying something about your uniform," Teddy smiled at the doctor's sit waited.

"I want you to know," Doctor Laffley began, "that I was Navy too in the last war, a lieutenant commanding three medical corpsmen who landed on Tarawa with the first wave. The dead were slung over the heads of that island we'll be forgotten like cordwood. We operated by the light of four flashlight in a small galley one hour after the Marines had cleaned it. We treated more than four hundred men during those first thirty-six hours. Only four died. So I don't ask for your respects, I command it."

"I'm giving it to you," Teddy said.

"Me too," Costa said, "but for God's sake, say something."

"What we say to them and what your uniformity symbolizes still is democracy. Equally, know you can be the first to say that you love my daughter, then ignore her without scorn everything she believes in. That's not democracy. Your father on one of a great post, I mean, I mean, I mean, I mean, who, about you?"

"In that respect, I intend to satisfy your father."

"But what's important is honesty! How can an officer in the United States Navy take him seriously?"

"I take him seriously," Edith said.

Everybody knew that it.

"I'd rather do something eloquent, even downright crazy, for



Costa looked at Teddy.
"Fine girl," he said.
Then he got to his feet
with Ethel in his arms.

"There's a great deal I could say to you and about you," Doctor Laffey said to his daughter. "But I choose not to."

"Say anything you want," Ethel challenged him.

Doctor Laffey smiled at her, then left the room.

He went to his father and kissed him.

"It's you, Kotelly," they heard the doctor say from the parlor. "Do whatever you want."

He stopped. He'd heard Ethel sobbing.

He made a dash, out for Teddy but for his father. Just as instinctively, Costa pulled her onto his lap, her face against his thick muscular neck.

Costa kissed her cheeks, he kissed her moist eyes.

Teddy stood over the girl and stroked her hair.

"Fine girl," Costa said.

When she came, "Teddy said, "she looks ten years old."

Slowly Ethel began to cry, grasping at herself until the sobs quiet. But she didn't kill her head, didn't open her eyes.

"Pop," Costa whispered. "Pop, listen here. Tell me this much: we can have wedding proper way, in Florida?"

"Pop, I can't break off my day at the bar."

Costa scolded, then looked at Ethel. For the first time he understood his son's feelings for the girl.

"We'll have to do it in San Diego," Teddy was saying.

"Then there's problem," Costa said.

Her body's perfume was caressing him. Her buttocks, plumped out under her weight, felt heavy between his legs. And warm.

"I have to bring Avalanche's family there," Costa said. "My sister, her family, my dead brother wife, so forth, few dear friends—"

Her breasts were pressed against his chest, her abdomen, twisted outward at the waist. Ethel hissed. There was a soft of flesh, the one Greek man like, just below the belt of her dress.

"They're your business," he said to his son, "now they must see you marry."

"I understand," Teddy said. "Mine, Pop, mine."

"Costa loves money," he said, not looking at his son.

"I'll help out," Teddy said.

"No, no, not possible," Costa said.

She was awakening the life in him.

He shifted her weight so it was on his knees.

"Tell me, Theophilus," he said. "we have Greek church, San Diego?"

"A few yes, Saint Spyridon. They brought the marble of the way from Mount something over Athens. The Greek community in San Diego is rich and highly respected."

"Naturally. Okay. So I change my plan, go back with you and Ethel San Diego. I look over this church, talk to priest, so forth. Have no problem bring priest over there. Then, after that, I go home."

He looked at his son.

"Going get up now," he said.

"I fully realized. But you like her, Dad, don't you?" he said.

"Fine girl," Costa said.

He got to his feet, lifted in his arms, and stared toward the door. She didn't turn her face to see where he was carrying her. Dr. Laffey was reading *Time*.

"Put down magazine, damn fool," Costa said.

Dr. Laffey turned a page.

Costa set the man's daughter on his lap and left her there. They were two oddly fitted pieces of crockery, brittle, crackling.

Costa went back to the dining room and poured himself a cold glass of *Water*.

There was silence.

...than something sensible for you. Where do you get off making fun of his tradition? It's better than poker and it's better than most."

Dr. Laffey stared at his daughter.

"And how can you expect me to go for all that baloney about our religion? We, religious? The man who just killed his wife with a few well-chosen words. Look at her, sitting beside you. Dead by your hand. Look at her. I am your Mother, Mother, son—

"No, you're right, you're right," Mrs. Laffey burst into tears. "I'm sorry I said that." Ethel said.

"You're not sorry," Dr. Laffey said. "Don't pretend that!"

Mrs. Laffey got up awkwardly and slowly, took her coat, and, raking up all of her left, left the table.

There was silence.



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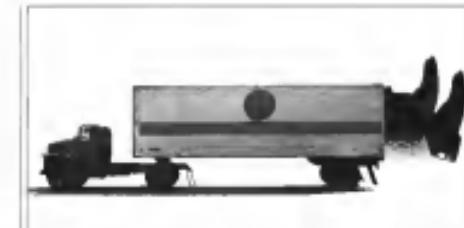
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A Moving Experience

It's the season for transfers. The more you plan, the less miserable you'll be



I was home in the afternoon, and Marty and I were finishing up the first round of unpacking. It was not early to order lunch, since the restaurant was still empty, and the marble head hadn't started moving yet.

That's the way things are in Mexico City, and Marty, a marketing executive who had just been moved by his company from New York, was showing me his new surroundings. I added that the lack of a permanent account of the move he could "tuck" into this every day for two or three hours, a la the *Office* or *Arrested Development*.

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Marty discovered he loved Mexican food, the thin air, and毒品 in all its forms.

He was delighted to be out of New York, and would have been as happy as an orchidista is in redbeds, except for Fluffy.

"It's the damned dog. The man's wife left without a hitch, and once I briefed the cunts any there was no problem with delivery. Nothing important was even scratched. But my wife and I don't want to consider it really a family again until the damn dog gets out of quarantine in a few weeks. I don't know about that."

If anyone should have known what to expect when moving, it was Marty. His

brother-in-law is an executive with a moving company. He was so well briefed as possible about the perils of moving, yet he still ran into an unexpected problem. *Moving* is a painful hassle from which no one emerges unscathed, but the more problems you anticipate, the better off you'll be.

Of course, you don't have to be making an intercontinental move to encounter problems. A move to a new city could be as traumatic as one across country.

Since this is the height of the moving season—add getting out of school, the seasonal school vacations causing busy school slowdowns—here are some tips gleaned from experienced movers, movers, and executives of moving companies, in case you, too, are changing address.

First, let's consider the long-distance move.

If you are being moved by your employer, first check with your company's transportation or personnel specialist. Make sure you understand exactly what the company moving policy is before you do anything. Most companies will not let you select your own mover, for example, and you'll agree for one without getting off easy. You could end up facing the tab yourself! That can be terrible. To move eight rooms of furniture from New York to Chicago, for example, ran about \$2,000. You should not expect what the company will pay for as soon as you know you are relocating. Company-subsidized expenses may include a

number of scouting trips to the new location, temporary lodging when you first arrive, living costs, transportation of household goods, breaking and moving lenses, even temporary baby-sitters. Make sure you have all this information in writing.

The single biggest expense you are likely to encounter when moving is buying and selling a home. Again, make sure you understand exactly what expenses your company will underwrite. Some will buy your house for you if you cannot sell it, for instance, or at least agree to reimburse you the appraised value. But even if you are lucky enough to sell your old house immediately and find another in your new location overnight, there could still be a lot of costs involved. For example, one executive who recently moved to New York was stunned to discover he had to put up \$6,000 in closing costs on his residence there, reducing our \$3,000 in tax expenses and a \$300 "deposit" to Com Edison. He also discovered he would have to pay \$2,500 in interest on a short-term "bridge" loan (he had put up an equity certificate before he collected on his old one). His company would have paid all or part of such costs had the firmasee there not waived some of the move and negotiated the transaction.

If you are paying for the move on your own and it is interstate or covers a long distance, contact several of the major national moving companies (most are actually networks of independent agents). Movers do not all charge the same firm, although the cost differences are not great. By law, interstate movers must register with the Interstate Commerce Commission. For long-distance moves, you pay by the pound per mile. Several weeks before you move, get estimates of the cost. And be sure to show the estimator everything you plan to take with you. Moving companies will provide all kinds of literature advising you on how to pack, prepare to move, and so on. By law you are entitled to get an ICC booklet called "Summary of Information for Shippers of Household Goods." You should read it thoroughly to avoid hour misunderstandings.



JEAN PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD

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Mouton-Cadet
Red and White.



It's a good idea to have your packing done by the movers—especially if the company picks up the tab. It's a wise precaution to sign the packing and movers (five dollars per man at each end of the tape is average, plus \$20 for the driver, who is in charge of the whole move).

If you pack yourself, use sturdy cardboard cartons, boxes, and barrels. Your mover can add them to yours. Don't forget to have appliances disconnected, or the mover may charge you for that service on moving day.

It is important to keep your own detailed inventory of exactly what you are moving. Since you are paying pounds per mile to move, a garage or bag rule can rid you of a lot of heavy things you may not want to pay to move. With so much to worry about on moving day, it's a good idea to let someone do your itemizing. Check your phone book; you will even come across a service you can't afford to move. Valuables, such as cash, jewelry, stamp collections, art items, should be moved personally. Movers are not responsible for shoving open bottles of house plants, or glass, either, though occasionally they will take along a few houseplants or bottles if you sign a damage waiver.

When the driver arrives to pack up your goods, he or a representative of the moving company will first make an inventory of everything that is to be shipped, which you must sign. The inventory will note what condition your goods are in.

The mover's basic liability for damaged goods is nominal. There is no charge to you for the basic coverage—but it is only 50 cents per pound per item, hardly enough for a damaged Picasso.

At a slight additional cost—50 cents per \$100 of valuation—you can increase your coverage, say, to \$3.25 per pound. This makes the carrier liable for a maximum amount equal to the weight of

If the mover comes on time, you have to be there; if he's a week late, where to sleep is your problem.

your shipment times 3.25. Thus, if you load a 4,000-pound, your goods are protected up to a maximum value of \$13,200 for anything that is damaged or lost. The increased coverage costs you \$25.

You can put a higher value on your shipment, of course, and the rate—50 cents per \$100—is the same. You could value your 4,000 pounds at \$16,000, for example. That coverage would cost \$35.

Once your goods have been loaded on the van, the ICC strongly advises that you go to the scale and observe the weighing of your shipment in person. Overloading, or "humping," results in a double rate, and you have to pay for the heavy weight. When your goods are delivered, make sure you are on hand, and check the pieces of furniture thoroughly. If you file a claim of damages, start the claim before you sign the delivery receipt. It is possible—but extremely difficult—to make a claim later.

This time of year when movers are so busy, the biggest complaint concerns how, after baggage, consumers pickup and delivery dates. When you make a deal with a mover, you will sign an "order for service," which will specify when goods are to be picked up. If the mover can't make that date, he is obligated to notify you—by phone or otherwise. His liability stops there. But if you have difficulty and if you're in a company move, contact your company transportation specialist. Major companies have crews with the national van lines that can certify such things.

Your order for service will also specify a delivery date. If the mover cannot make it, all he need do is notify you. It's wise to leave a few days' leeway, so as to start search with the moving company and to figure out where you and your family will stay if the van is a week late.

But if the mover does arrive on schedule, you had better be there to meet him. In some cases he will wait only a maximum of three hours before carting your stuff to a warehouse, where you will have to pay unloading and reloading charges.

Also, if you are paying for the move portrait, have a certified check or a money order on hand for the driver. He won't load a thing without it, unless it is a company move and other arrangements have been made.

Whether you or your company pays for your move, keep all receipts connected with it—you will need them when you file your federal income tax return. Moving expenses are tax deductible when you move for purposes of employment. If your company pays, its compensation is considered part of your gross income, and you have to estimate the deduction. Consult with your tax advisor or pick up IRS Publication 521 for details.



If You're Paying for the Move, Choose with Care

The COD mover gets screwed," admits Lee executive of a major moving company. "He has no leverage, he is not a priority customer."

In the lingo of the moving industry, a COD customer is someone who is paying his own moving bill—it is not being packed up by his employer. Thus, has or her experience in moving won't substantially affect future business that the moving company does.

The Interstate Commerce Commission keeps tabs on how the major moving companies do. If you are a COD customer and choose your own mover rather than having one assigned by your employer, the ICC ratings could be useful. Bear in mind, however, that the ratings are only averages. "The driver is

really the key," admits one moving company executive. "Classes for damages were frequent. About one shipment in five resulted in a damage claim of at least \$50. Piggy Van Lines had the highest percentage (25.5 percent). Smith Van Lines, the lowest (8.4 percent). But Piggy had the best record for on-time pickup and delivery."

The average length of time required to settle a claim for damages was twenty-eight days, and about three claims in ten were settled within a month of filing. But 80 percent were not settled within two months.

• Five companies accounted for over 75 percent of the moves. Alfred Van Lines had the highest number (99,117), followed by Arrow Mac-Florier, Tranier (12,281), North American Van Lines (56,103), and United Van Lines (40,409).

—M.R.

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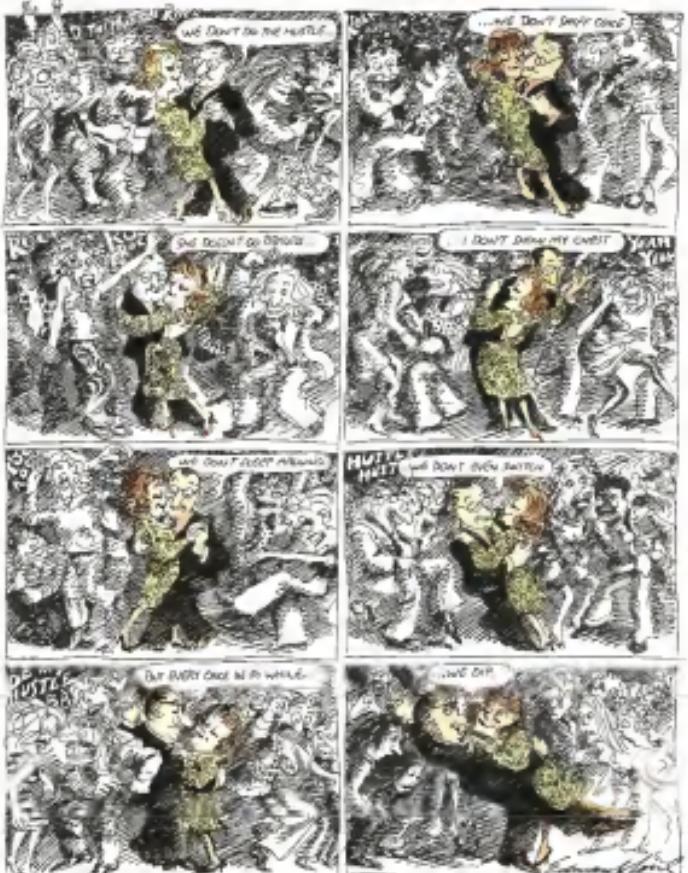


It was bound to happen. The handwritten, multi-colored papers used in adapters to books since the early 19th century have inspired New York interior designer Angelo Donghia's new collection of wallpaper for *Verso Verso*. Working with creative director Bill Weisner, Donghia spent three years fiddling out how to reproduce the look, swiveling pigments onto antique paper. "These are not printed papers," explains Weisner. "We tried to reproduce the look and texture of the book paper, to re-create this fantasy of art, by flinging the

paper under the wallcovering, so that each roll is unique. Dusgrah has a choice of gold added to some of the patterns for "extra luster." But, notes Weaver, "this is not all-purpose wallpaper—for beds, desks, and living rooms, even bathrooms—just ornate status paper." Available in 16 colors and five patterns, the 240-sq-ft each roll paper lists for \$43.75 or \$55.80 per unit (a 66-foot-wide roll) in New York. Prices are slightly higher in other cities. *Art & View Wallpaper* in all major cities or through the decorating departments of large stores.

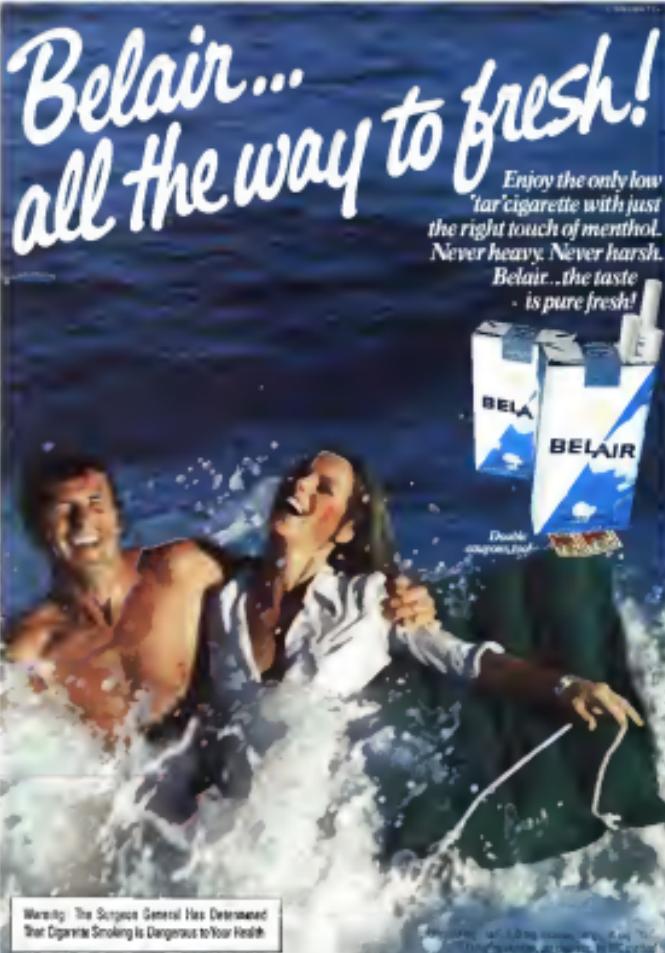
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